

CUPID'S BASKET

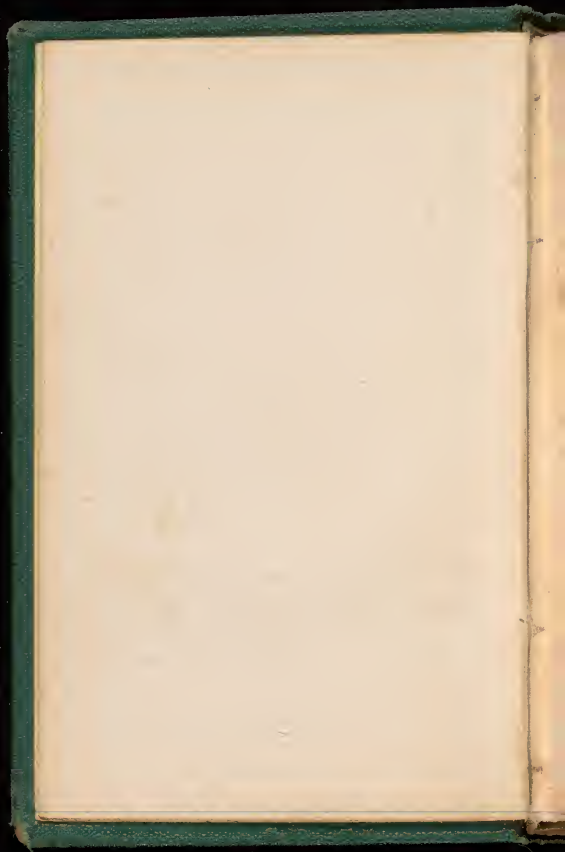
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65
Alice M. Livingston

Dec. 25. 1867

A Prize: received at
The Fair term 1867.

J. Dalton
Teacher.



CUPID'S BASKET :

OR THE

Language and Poetry

OF

FLOWERS.

Elegantly Illustrated.

NEW YORK:

GEO. A. LEAVITT, PUBLISHER.

Chicago Botanic Garden
Library

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THE
LANGUAGE
AND
POETRY OF FLOWERS.

WITH
Beautiful Illustrations.

NEW YORK:
GEO. A. LEAVITT, PUBLISHER.

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P R E F A C E.

1887,
nited

"I love God, I love little children, I love the flowers," said a Persian, in vindication of his character as a true poet. Very few, in any time, possessing the "vision and the faculty divine," have failed to give such evidence of inspiration. In cottage and in palace, in every country, and in every age, flowers have been teachers and companions of the gentle and kind hearted; the truest language of love, the liveliest symbols of all holy thoughts and feelings.

This little volume contains some of the most beautiful poems which, from old Chaucer's time, has been written in our language about flowers. It is itself a "garden of poesies," which will not be unwelcome to any who love either song or nature.



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THE

POETRY OF FLOWERS.



HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with man, to
twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye!
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate
With numerous emblems of instructive duty,
Your forms create.

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that
swingeth,

And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and
column

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon
supply ;

Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander,
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon
the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preach-
ers,

Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour,
 "Weep without woe, and blush without a
 crime,"
 O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
 Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
 Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
 How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory,
 Are human flowers!"

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
 With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread
 hall,
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for
 pleasure,
 Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope!
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,

Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
A second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!



THE WREATH.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY WILLIAM PETERS.

LET others sing the rich, the great,
The victor's palms, the monarch's state,
A purer joy be mine—
To greet the excellent of earth,
To call down blessings on *thy* worth,
And, for the hour that gave thee birth,
Life's choicest flowers entwine.

And lo! where smiling from above
(Meet helpmate in the work of love)
O'er opening hill and lawn,
With flowerets of a thousand dyes,
With all that's sweet of earth and skies,
Soft breathes the vernal dawn.

Come! from her stores we'll cull the best,
 Thy bosom to adorn;
 Each leaf in livelier verdure *drest*,
 Each blossom balmier than the rest,
 Each rose without a thorn;
 Fleet tints, that with the rainbow died,
 Brief flowers, that withered in their pride.
 Shall, blushing into light, awake
 And kindlier bloom, for thy dear sake.

And first—though oft, alas! condemned,
 Like merit, to the shade—
 The Primrose meek, with dews bejewelled,
 Shall sparkle in the braid:
 And there, as sisters, side by side,
 (Genius with modesty allied,)
 The Pink's bright red, the Violet's blue.
 In blended rays, shall greet our view,
 Each lovelier for the other's hue.

How soft yon Jasmine's sunlit glow,
 How chaste yon Lily's robe of snow,
 With Myrtle green inwove,
 Types, dearest, of thyself and me—
 Of thy mild grace and purity,
 And my unchanging love,
 Of grace and purity, like thine,
 And love, undying love, like mine.

In fancifully plumed array,
 As ever cloud at set of day,
 All azure, vermil, silver-gray,
 And showering thick perfume,
 See! how the Lilac's clustered spray
 Has kindled into bloom,
 Radiant, as Joy, o'er troubles past,
 And whispering, "Spring is come at last!"

Blest Flowers! There breathes not one unfraught
 With lessons sweet and new;
 The Rose, in Taste's own garden wrought;
 The Pansy, nurse of tender thought;
 The Wall-flower, tried and true;
 The purple Heath, so lone and fair,
 (O, how unlike the world's vain glare!)
 The Daisy, so contently gay,
 Opening her eyelids with the day;
 The Gorse-bloom, never sad or sere,
 But golden-bright,
 As gems of night,
 And fresh and fragrant, all the year;
 Each leaf, each bud, of classic lore,
 Oak, Hyacinth, and Floramore;
 The Cowslip, graceful in her woe;
 The Hawthorn's smile, the Poppy's glow,
This ripe with balm for present sorrow,
 And *that*, with raptures for to-morrow.

CRICUS



Cheerfulness

...
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... a ...



The flowers are culled; and each lithe stem
 With Woodbine band we braid—
 With Woodbine, type of Life's best gem,
 Of Truth, that will not fade:
 The Wreath is wove; do Thou, blest Power,
 That brood'st o'er leaflet, fruit, and flower,
 Embalm it with thy love;
 O make it such as angels wear,
 Pure, bright, as deck'd earth's first-born pair,
 Whilst, free in Eden's grove,
 From herb and plant they brushed the dew,
 And neither sin nor sorrow knew.



THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
 Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
 For every want of ours;
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
 Requireth none to grow,

Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light ;
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night ;

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ;

To comfort man—to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him :

FLOWERS:

SENT ME DURING ILLNESS.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I loved you ever, gentle flowers,
And made you playmates of my youth ;
 The while your spirit stole
 In secret to my soul,
To shed a softness through my ripening powers,
And lead the thoughtful mind to deepest truth.

And now, when weariness and pain
Had cast you almost from my breast,
 With each a smiling face,
 In all your simple grace,
You come once more to take me back again
From pain to ease, from weariness to rest.

Kind visitants! through my sick room
You seem to breathe an air of health,
 And with your looks of joy
 To wake again the *boy*,
And to the pallid cheek restore its bloom,
And o'er the desert mind pour boundless wealth.

And whence ye came, by brimming stream,
'Neath rustling leaves, with birds within,

Again I musing tread—
 Forgot my restless bed,
 And long, sick hours.—Too short the blessed
 dream!
 I woke to pain!—to hear the city's din!

But time nor pain shall ever steal
 Or youth or beauty from my mind,
 And blessings on ye, Flowers.
 Though few with me your hours,
 The youth and beauty, and the heart to feel,
 In her who sent you, ye will leave behind!



THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

BY SHELLY.



PART I.

A SENSITIVE plant in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew;
 And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
 Like the spirit of love, felt every where!
 And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet;
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice to the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all—
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness!

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky.

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberosè,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows!
And all rare blossoms, from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, and starting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmer'd by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and
dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,
Which led through the garden along and across—
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees—

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowerets which drooping as day droop'd too,
Fell into pavilions white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes

Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them
As mine lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed.
Like young lovers whom youth and love make
dear,
Wrapp'd and fill'd by their mutual atmosphere.

But the sensitive plant, which could give small
fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the
giver.

For the sensitive plant has no bright flower ;
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;
It loves, even like Love ; its deep heart is full ;
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds, which from unsustaining wings,
Shed the music of many murmurings ;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres.
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noon-tide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam.
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the sensitive plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all
love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more
deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep ;

And the beasts and the birds, and the insects
were drown'd
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;

Whose waves never mark, though they ever
 impress
 The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

Only overhead the sweet nightingale
 Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
 And snatches of its Elysian chant
 Were mix'd with the dreams of the sensitive
 plant;)

The sensitive plant was the earliest
 Up-gather'd into the bosom of rest;
 A sweet child weary of its delight,
 The feeblest and yet the favourite,
 Cradled within the embrace of night.

 PART II.

There was a power in this sweet place,
 An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
 Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
 Was as God is to the starry scheme:

A lady, the wonder of her kind,
 Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
 Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and mo-
 tion
 Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tenaed the garden from morn to even ;
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laugh'd round her footsteps up from the earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face,
Told, whilst the morn kiss'd the sleep from her
eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than paradise ,

As if some bright spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight conceal'd him from
her.

Her step seem'd to pity the grass it prest ;
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and the going of the wind
Brought pleasure there, and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;

I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and osier bands ;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof
Into the rough woods far aloof.

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banish'd insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beam-like ephemeris,
Whose path is the lightning's and soft moths that
kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did
she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left elinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering,
All the sweet season of the summer-tide,
And ere the first leaf look'd brown—she died

PART III.

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the noon is awaken'd, were,
Or the waves of the Baïæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the sensitive plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low.

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank ;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowds did pass •

From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul:
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flow'd,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noon-day sun look'd clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below;
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day by day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray and red
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind pass'd;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds
Out of their birth-place of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless net-work of parasite bowers
Mass'd into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splash'd with many
speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back

The sensitive plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came : the wind was his whip ;
One choppy finger was on his lip :
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clank'd at his girdle like manacles ;

His breath was a chain which, without a sound,
The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death,
Fled from the frosts to the earth beneath :
Their decay and sudden flight from frost,
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the sensitive plant
The moles and the dormice died for want ;
And the birds dropp'd stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steam'd up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden and heavy and stiff,
And snapp'd them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back,
The sensitive-plant was a leafless wreck ;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks,
 and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their buried charnels.

CONCLUSION.

Whether the sensitive plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined,
Which scatter'd love, as stars do light,
Found sadness where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream.

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

Tha' garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odours there.

LUNGWORT



Thou givest
me life



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In truth, have never pass'd away :
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ! not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change ; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.



TO A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

BY. REV. JAMES F. CLARKE.

LITTLE firstlings of the year !
Have you come my room to cheer ?
You are dry and parched, I think ;
Stand within this glass and drink ;
Stand beside me on the table,
'Mong my books—if I am able,
I will find a vacant space
For your bashfulness and grace ;
Learned tasks and serious duty
Shall be lightened by your beauty.
Pure affection's sweetest token,
Choicest hint of love unspoken,
Friendship in your help rejoices,
Uttering her mysterious voices.
You are gifts the poor may offer—
Wealth can find no better proffer :
For you tell of tastes refined,
Thoughtful heart and spirit kind.

Gift of gold or jewel dresses
Ostentation's thought confesses ;
Simplest mind this boon may give,
Modesty herself receive.
For lovely woman you were meant
The just and natural ornament,
Sleeping on her bosom fair,
Hiding in her raven hair,
Or, peeping out mid golden curls.
You outshine barbaric pearls ;
Yet you lead no thought astray,
Feed not pride nor vain display,
Nor disturb her sisters' rest,
Waking envy in their breast.
Let the rich, with heart elate,
Pile their board with costly plate
Richer ornaments are ours,
We will dress our home with flowers,
Yet no terror need we feel
Lest the thief break through to steal.
Ye are playthings for the child,
Gifts of love for maiden mild,
Comfort for the aged eye,
For the poor, cheap luxury.
Though your life is but a day,
Precious things, dear flowers, you say,
Telling that the Being good
Who supplies our daily food,
Deems it needful to supply
Daily food for heart and eye.

So, though your life is but a day,
We grieve not at your swift decay ;
He, who smiles in your bright faces,
Sends us more to take your places ;
'Tis for this ye fade so soon,
That he may renew the boon :
That kindness often may repeat
These mute messages so sweet :
That Love to plainer speech may get,
Conning oft his alphabet ;
That beauty may be rain'd from heaven,
New with every morn and even,
With freshest fragrance sunrise greeting :
Therefore are ye, flowers, so fleeting.



TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

WORDSWORTH.

PANSIES, lilies, king-cups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming Spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane ;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Butter-cups that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no ;
Others, too, of lofty mien ;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill requited upon earth ;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,

Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

THE IVY.

BARTON.

HAST thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreathed it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I at thy years might do,
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turn'd again
That scathed wreck to view.
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling
Is alone worth a serious thought!
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead?

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

A VIOLET blossom'd on the green,
With lowly stem, and bloom unseen:
It was a sweet, low flower.
A shepherd maiden came that way,
With lightsome step and aspect gay,
Came near, came near,
Came o'er the green with song.

Ah! thought the violet, might I be
The fairest flower on all the lea,
Ah! but for one brief hour;
And might be plucked by that dear maid,
And gently on her bosom laid,
Ah! but, ah! but
A few dear moments long.

Alas! the maiden, as she pass'd,
No eye upon the violet cast;
She crush'd the poor, wee flower;
It sank, and dying, heaved no sigh,
And if I die, at least I die
By her, by her,
Beneath her feet I die.

TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

BY JONES VERY.

BRIGHT image of the early years
When glow'd my cheek as red as thou,
And life's dark throng of cares and fears
Were swift-winged shadows o'er my sunny brow!

'Thou blushest from the painter's page,
Robed in the mimic tints of art;
But Nature's hand in youth's green age
With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,
The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee;
And in thy look, my Columbine!
Each fond-remember'd spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,
Where gay thou noddest in the gale;
I hear light-bounding footsteps tread
The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song
Break from each bush and well-known tree,
And, on light pinions borne along,
Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of
glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook,
 With look of anger, leaps again,
 And hastening to each flowery nook,
 Its distant voice is heard far down the glen,

Fair child of art! thy charms decay,
 Touched by the wither'd hand of Time:
 And hushed the music of that day,
 When my voice mingled with the streamlet's
 chime;

But on my heart thy cheek of bloom
 Shall live when Nature's smile has fled;
 And rich with memory's sweet perfume,
 Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee
 That echoed on thy native hill;
 And when, loved flower! I think of thee,
 My infant feet will seem to seek thee still.



THE CYPRESS WREATH.

BY SIR W. SCOTT.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree!
 Too lively glow the lilies light,
 The varnish'd holly's all too t'right,

The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree.

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due ;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give ;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew ;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
And while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
 But, O Matilda, twine not now—
 Stay till a few brief months are past,
 And I have look'd and loved my last!
 When villagers my shroud bestrew
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
 And weave it of the cypress-tree.



THE FADED FLOWERS.

BY. REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

TO THE LADY WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH
 A CLUSTER OF FADED FLOWERS.

THESE faded flowers a softer grief
 Than blooming ones beget;
 More tender now on each pale leaf
 The tints that linger yet:
 For all the charms, that cheer'd the past,
 Hang round these hues that fade the last.

The morn they had their fragrant birth,
 The wild shrubs where they grew,
 The bee that in its matin mirth
 Hung over their pearls of dew,
 Must share alike the floweret's lot,
 And be with frailer things forgot.

Not thus with thee in that dim day,
When, like the breath of flowers,
Thy spirit leaves its vase of clay,
For love in those lone hours,
Shall treasure up thy gentle worth,
And warm remembrance call it forth,

And in a brighter, purer sphere,
Beyond the sunless tomb—
The virtues, that have charmed us here,
In fadeless life shall bloom ;
And win from faith the fervid prayer,
To meet thy sainted spirit there.



TO THE ROSE.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

DEAR flower of heaven and love! Thou glorious
thing

That lookest out the garden nooks among :
Rose, that art ever fair and ever young ;
Was it some angel or invisible wing
Hovered around thy fragrant sleep, to fling
His glowing mantle of warm sunset hues
O'er thy unfolding petals, wet with dews
Such as the flower-fays to Titania bring ?
O flower of thousand memories and dreams,
That take the heart with faintness, while we gaze

On the rich depths of thy inwoven maze ;
 From the green banks of Eden's blessed streams
 I dream'd thee brought, of brighter days to tell,
 Long pass'd, but promised yet with us to dwell.

BRING FLOWERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd ;
 Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and
 vale,
 'Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the
 rose,
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
 He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath '
 He comes with the spoils of nations back,
 The vines he crush'd in his chariot's track,
 The turf looks red where he won the day—
 Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;
 Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;

They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers,
wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to
wear!

They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth.
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the wild rose
burst,

For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale
flowers!—

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in
prayer,

They are Nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright
flowers!

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

YE living gems of cold and fragrant fire !
Die ye for ever, when ye die, ye flowers ?
'Take ye, when in your beauty ye expire,
An everlasting farewell of your bowers ?
No more to listen for the wooing air,
And song-brought morn, the cloud-tinged wood
lands o'er !

No more to June's soft lip your breasts to bare,
And drink fond evening's dewy breath no more !
Soon fades the sweetest, first the fairest dies,
For frail and fair are sisters ; but the heart,
Fill'd with deep love, death's power to kill denies,
And sobs e'en o'er the dead, " We cannot part !"
Have I not seen thee, Wild Rose, in my dreams ?
Like a pure spirit—beautous as the skies,
When the clear blue is brightest, and the streams
Dance down the hills, reflecting the rich dyes
Of morning clouds, and cistus woodbine-twined—
Didst thou not wake me from a dream of death ?
Yea, and thy voice was sweeter than the wind
When it inhales the love-sick violet's breath,
Bending it down with kisses, where the bee
Hums over golden gorse, and sunny broom,
Soul of the Rose ! What saidst thou then to me ?

“ We meet,” thou said’st, “ though sever’d by
the tomb :

Lo. brother, this is heav’n ! And thus the just
shall bloom.”

BLESSED BE GOD FOR FLOWERS.

Suggested by seeing my youngest child asleep, with
Wild Flowers grasped in its hand.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

BLESSED be God for flowers !
For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts, that breathe
From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine on life’s hours !

Lightly upon thine eye
Hath fallen the noon-tide sleep, my joyous bird :
And through thy parted lips the breath, scarce
heard,
Comes like a summer sigh.

One rosy hand is thrown
Beneath thy rosier cheek : the other holds
A group of sweet field-flowers, whose bloom
unfolds
A freshness like thine own

Around the fragrant prize,
With eager grasp thy little fingers close :
What are the dreams that haunt thy soft repose ?
What radiance greets thine eyes ?

For thou art smiling still ;
Art thou yet wandering in the quiet woods,
Plucking th' expanded cups and bursting buds,
At thine unfetter'd will ?

Or does some prophet voice
Murmuring amidst thy dreams, instructive say,
"Prize well these flowers, for thou, beyond
to-day,
Shalt in their spells rejoice !"

Yes ! thou wilt learn their power,
When, cherish'd not as now, thou stand'st alone,
Compass'd by sweetly saddening memories.
thrown
Round thee by leaf or flower !

'Twill come ! as seasons come,
'The empire of the flowers, when these shall raise
Round thee once more the forms of other days,
Warm with the light of home !

Shapes thou no more may'st see ;
The household hearth, the heart-enlisted prayer

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All thou hast loved, and lost, and treasured there.
Where thy best thoughts must be!

Ay, prize them well, my child—
The bright, young blooming things that never
die—

Pointing our hopes to happier worlds, that lie
Far o'er this earthly wild!



TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

THY fruit full-well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty, beautiful
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;

While silent showers are falling slow
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush !
The primrose to the grave is gone ;
The hawthorn flower is dead ;
The violet by the moss'd gray stone
Hath laid her weary head ;
But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake ! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodland's o'er,
In freedom and in joy.



CHILDREN OF THE SUN'S FIRST GLANCING.

FROM SCHILLER.

CHILDREN of the sun's first glancing,
Flowers that deck the bounteous earth ;
Joy and mirth are round ye dancing,
Nature smiled upon your birth ;
Light hath veined your petals tender,
And with hues of matchless splendour

Flora paints each dewy bell.
But lament, ye sweet spring blossoms,
Soul hath never thrilled your bosoms,
All in cheerless night ye dwell.

Nightingale and lark are singing
Many a lay of love to you :
In your chaliced blossoms swinging,
Tiny sylphs their sylphids woo :
Deep within the painted bower
Of a soft and perfumed flower,
Venus once did fall asleep :
But no pulse of passion darted
Through your breast, by her imparted -
Children of the morning, weep.

When my mother's harsh rejection
Bids me cease my love to speak,—
Pledges of a true affection,
When your gentle aid I seek,—
Then by every voiceless token,
Hope, and faith unchanged, are spoken,
And by you my bosom grieves :
Love himself among you stealeth
And his awful form concealeth,
Shut within your folding leaves.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old;
Yet not wrapp'd about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they behold.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal Being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Every where about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink :

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

The Sun stepp'd down from his golden throne,
And lay in the silent sea,
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy thing was she ;
What is the Lily dreaming of ?
Why crisp the waters blue ?
See, see, she is lifting her varnish'd lid !
Her white leaves are glistening through !

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide ;
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
That would lie by the Rose's side ;
He would love her better than all the rest,
And he would be fond and true ;
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,
And look'd at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,
How fast will thy summer glide,
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride ?
" O, the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
And he lives on earth," said she ;
" But the Star is fair and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud should come,
And ruffle the silver sea ?
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
To smile on a thing like thee ?
O, no ! fair Lily, he will not send
One ray from his far-off throne ;
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,
Nor a drop of evening dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
That he has not cheer'd with his fickle smile,
And warm'd with his faithless beam,—
And will he be true to a pallid flower,
That floats on the quiet stream ?

Alas, for the Lily ! she would not heed,
But turn'd to the skies afar,
And bared her breast to the trembling ray
That shot from the rising star ;
The cloud came over the darken'd sky,
And over the waters wide ;
She look'd in vain through the beating rain,
And sank in the stormy tide.

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

FLOWERS! winter flowers!—the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak:
O softly couch his little head,
Or Mary's heart will break!

Amid those curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink riband twine,
And on the little bosom there
Place this wan lock of mine.

How like a form in cold white stone,
The coffin'd infant lies!
Look, Mother, on thy little one!
And tears will fill thine eyes.

She cannot weep, more faint she grows,
More deadly pale and still:
Flowers! oh, a flower! a winter rose,
That tiny hand to fill.

Go, search the fields! the lichen wet
Bends o'er th' unfailing well;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
The scarlet pimpernel.

Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower,
 Where never froze the spring?
 A daisy? Ah! bring childhood's flower!
 The half-blown daisy bring!

Yes, lay the daisy's little head
 Beside the little cheek;
 O haste! the last of five is dead!
 The childless cannot speak!



THE AMARANTH.

Crowns inwove with Amaranth and gold,
 Immortal Amaranth, a flower, which once
 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
 Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence,
 To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there
 grows
 And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,
 And where the River of Bliss, through midst of
 Heaven,
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
 With these, *that never fade*, the spirits elect,
 Bind their resplendent locks. *Milton*

THE WALL-FLOWER

BY D. M. MOIR.

The wall-flower—the wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms !
It gleams above the ruin'd tower,
Like sunlight over tombs ;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time ;—
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place !
Gray ruin's golden crown !
Thou lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown ;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decay'd ;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Whither hath fled the choral band
That fill'd the abbey's nave ?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave ;
In the belfry's crevices, the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whiist thou, lone flower ! dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze!
The Butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower—sweet wall-flower!
Thou conjurest up to me,
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee;
When joy from out the daises grew
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the queen of flowers!
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay—
Of flowers, first, last, and best!

There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree ;
But wall-flower, loved wall-flower,
Thou art the flower for me !

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

BY T. MOORE.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
And give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves on the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away :

When true hearts lie wither'd
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This cold world alone?

THE RHODORA.

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER!

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
 Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
 Young RAPHAEL might covet such a school;
 The lively show beguiled me from my way.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
 Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing
 Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why, thou wert there, O, rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew.

But in my simple ignorance suppose
 The selfsame Power that brought me there,
 brought you.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

BY G. LANGHORNE.

THERE are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk Ambition's losing game;

That far from envy's lurid eye
The fairest fruits of genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In friendship's small but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers, though sweeter far,
The Evening *Primrose* shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
At the dim's twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclined,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
(In pity's simple thought he cries,)
"Thy bosom must not feel the glow
Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

“ Nor thee the vagrants of the field,
 The hamlet’s little train behold ;
 Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
 When thine the falling shades unfold.

“ Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
 When love has fill’d his heart with cares ;
 For flowers he rifles all the meads ;
 For walking flowers—but thine forbears.

Ah ! waste no more that beauteous bloom,
 On night’s chill shade that fragrant breath ;
 Let smiling suns those gems illumine ?
 Fair flower ! to live unseen is death !”

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
 That o’er the bending meadows blow,
 Or streams that steal through even vales,
 And murmur that they move so slow.

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
 Sweet Philomela pour’d her strain ;
 The bird of eve approved her flower,
 And answer’d thus the anxious swain :—

“Live unseen !

By moonlight shades, in valleys green,
 Lovely flower, we’ll live unseen.
 Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
 Laughing day may look more sprightly

1841 WINKLE



Measures of Memory

and a measure of the
beloved (see above)



But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her star-train'd *queens*

“ Didst thou, shepherd, never find
Pleasure is of pensive kind ?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to dwell alone ?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind,
While, all disarm'd, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away ?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguish'd shade.
Far from the world's infectious view
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous *hour*,
Guard thy emblematic flower.”

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

WHAT nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
The powers of a sky so severe ;
Such Mary's true love, that has lived
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late-blowing rose
Seem graced with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

THE ALMOND-TREE.

BY MISS LANDON.

FLEETING and falling,
Where is the bloom
Of yon fair *Almond-tree*?
It is sunk in the tomb.

Its tomb wheresoever
The wind may have borne
The leaves and the blossoms
Its roughness has torn.

Some there are floating
On yon fountain's breast,—
Some line the moss
Of the nightingale's nest,—

Some are just strewn
O'er the green grass below,
And there they lie stainless
As winter's first snow.

Yesterday, on the boughs
They hung scented and fair;
To-day they are scatter'd
The breeze best knows where.

To-morrow those leaves
Will be scentless and dead,
For the kind to lament
And the careless to tread.

And is it not thus
With each hope of the heart ?
With all its best feelings ?—
Thus will they depart :

They'll go forth to the world
On the wings of the air,
Rejoicing and hoping ;
But what will be there ?—

False lights to deceive,
False friends to delude,
Till the heart in its sorrow's
Left only to brood.

Over feelings crush'd, chill'd,
Sweet hopes ever flown ;
Like that tree when its green leaves
And blossoms are gone.

THE LILY.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot
Where a lily was blooming fair ;
The din of the city disturb'd it not ;
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill :
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a sweet perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watch'd it many a day :—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then droop'd and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I look'd where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by ;
And as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There's many a sweet and blooming maid
Who will soon as dimly die.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

Oh! keep the morning of his incarnation,
The burning noon-tide of his bitter passion,
The night of his descending, and the height
Of his ascension,—ever in my sight,
That, imitating him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.



THE LILY.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps
In Lumin's flow'ry vale:
Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
Slow waving to the gale.

‘Cease, restless gale!’ it seems to say
“Nor wake me with thy sighing!
The honours of my vernal day
On rapid wings are flying.

“To-morrow shall the traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming;
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin.”

CUPID AND THE DIAL.

ONE day, young frolic Cupid tried
 To scatter roses o'er the hours,
 And on the dial's face to hide
 The course of time with many flowers.

By chance, his rosy wreaths had wound
 Upon the hands, and forced them on;
 And when he look'd again, he found
 The hours had pass'd, the time was done.

"Alas!" said love, and dropp'd his flowers,
 "I've lost my time in idle play;
 The sweeter I would make the hours,
 The quicker they are pass'd away."



THE CLOSED CONVULVULUS.

AN hour ago, and sunny beams
 Were glancing o'er each airy bell;
 And thou wert drinking in those gleams,
 Like beauty listening love's farewell.

And now with folded drooping leaves,
 Thou seemest for that light to mourn,
 Like unto one who fondly grieves
 The hours that stay some friend's return.

We cannot trace the hidden power
Which folds thine azure petals up,
When evening shadows dimly lower,
And dew-drops gem each floweret's cup.

Methinks I should not wish to be
Like thee, a votary of the sun,
To bask beneath his beams, yet flee
Whene'er his brilliant race is run.

O dearer far the silent night,
And lovelier far the star-lit sky,
Than gaudy day with sunbeams bright,
And loud with nature's minstrelsy.

The night-bird's song is not for thee,
The beautiful, the silver moon,
The holy calm o'er flowers and tree;
The stillness—nature's dearest boon.

Thou art a reveller of day,
A fair, rejoicing child of light;
Glad, while the sunbeams o'er thee play,
But drooping in the quiet night.

Like unto those who freely spend
Their kindness in our happier hours,
But should affliction want a friend,
They prove the sun's adoring flowers.

HUMAN FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

SWEET Lucy has chosen the lily, as pale,
 And as lowly as she, still the pride of the vale:
 An emblem more fitting, so fair and retired,
 Heart could not have chosen, nor fancy desired.

And Ellen, gay Ellen, a symbol as true,
 In the hare-bell has found, and its delicate blue:
 For ever the blossoms are fresh in her eyes,
 As dewy, as sweet, and more soft than the skies.

And Jane, in her thoughtfulness, conscious of
 power,
 Has gazed in her fervour on many a flower:
 Has chosen, rejected, then many combined
 To blazon her graces of person and mind.

Whilst Isabel's face, like the dawn, in one flush—
 Far need she not wander to bank and to bush;
 Well the tint of her cheek the young Isabel
 knows,
 For the blossom of health is the beautiful rose.

And Mary, the pensive, who loves in the dusk
 Of the gardens to muse, when the air is all musk;
 Will leave all its beauties, and many they are,
 To gaze, meek in thought, on the jessamine star.

And Kate, the light butterfly Kate, ever gay,
Will choose the first blossom that comes in her
way:

The cistus will please her a moment, and then
Away will she flutter, and settle again.

But Julia for me, with her heart in her eyes,
The child of the summer, too warm to be wise:
Is the passion-flower near her, with tendrils close
curled,
She can smile whilst she suffers; 'tis hers for the
world.

All are lovely, all blossom of heart and of mind;
All true to their natures, as Nature design'd;
To cheer and to solace, to strengthen, caress,
And with love that can die not to buoy and to
bless.

With gentleness might, and with weakness, what
grace!

Revelations from Heaven in form and on face;
Like the bow in the cloud, like the flower on the
sod,

They ascend and descend in my dreams as from
God.

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE
BLOSSOM.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

BEFORE thy leaves thou com'st once more,
White blossom of the sloe!
Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me;
For well thou know'st the frosty rime
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lours
O'er nature's silent shroud!
But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
High o'er the doom'd untimely flowers
In beauty bow'd.

Sweet violets in the budding grove
Peep where the glad waves run;
The wren below, the thrush above,
Of bright to-morrow's joy and love
Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
Hears bees chant hymns to God,
The breeze-bow'd palm, moss'd o'er with gold,
Smiles o'er the well in summer cold,
And dasied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
Foretells an eve of tears,
A sunbeam on the sadden'd lawn
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Thy leaves will come ! but songful spring
Will see no leaf of mine ;
Her bells will ring, her bridemaids sing,
When my young leaves are withering
Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime !
But, thine before my time, oh, death !
I go where no flow'r blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
 Vanish, and long ere noon
 The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
 So fair I bloom'd ; and was I born
 To die as soon ?

To love my mother, and to die—
 To perish in my bloom !
 Is this my sad, brief history !—
 A tear dropp'd from a mother's eye
 Into the tomb.

He lived and loved—will sorrow say—
 By early sorrows tried ;
 He smiled, he sigh'd, he pass'd away :
 His life was but an April day,—
 He loved, and died !

My mother smiles, then turns away,
 But turns away to weep :
 They whisper round me—what they say
 I need not hear, for in the clay
 I soon must sleep.

O, love is sorrow ! sad it is
 To be both tried and true ;
 I ever trembled in my bliss :
 Now there are farewells in a kiss,—
 They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when blue bells fade,
Where Don reflects the skies ;
And many a youth in Shirecliffs' shade
Will ramble where my boyhood play'd ;
Though Alfred dies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel :
But I through woodbine lanes shall steal
No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept ;
For I was stricken when he died,
I felt the arrow as he sigh'd
His last, and ~~sigh'd~~.

SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE
FLOWERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ROSES.

We are blushing roses.
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capp'd sister buds
Warming the green coolness.

Whatso'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly,—
See from what a slender
Stalk we bower in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender:

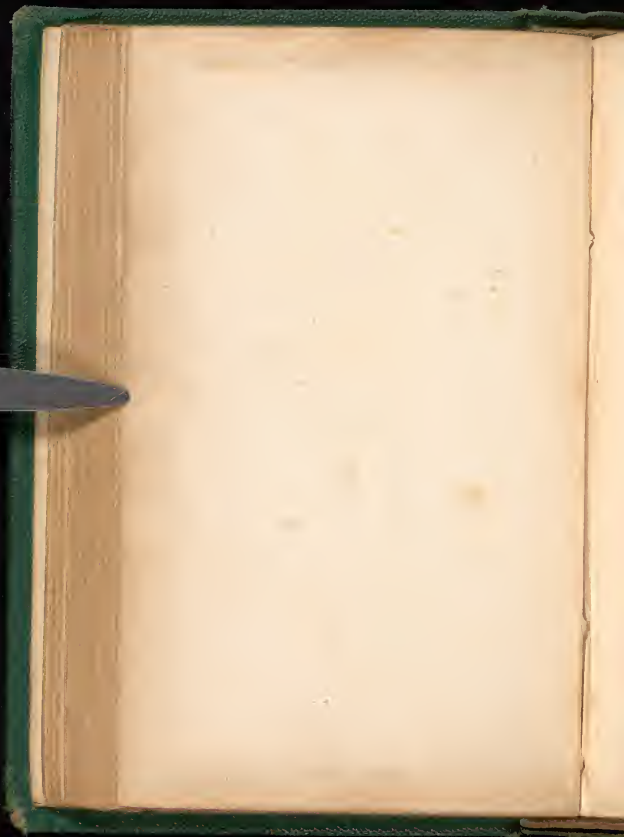
Know you not our only
Rival flower,—the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman?

JONQUIL



I desire
a return
of Affection

The joy most bliss divine
is all former dreams of mine
to see thee hear thee call, love mine



LILIES.

We are lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light ;
Nature held us forth, and said,
" Lo ! my thoughts of white "

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands ;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem ;
And not the less for being crown'd
With a golden dream.

Could you see around us
The enamour'd air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.

POPPIES.

We are slumbering poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
 Leaves more bright than rose,—
 Who shall tell what brightest thought
 Out of darkest grows?
 Who, through what funereal pain,
 Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions eye are on us,
 Unto eyes of power;
 Pluto's always-setting sun,
 And Proserpine's bower:
 There, like bees, the pale souls come
 For our drink, with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also;
 Milky-hearted, we;—
 Taste, but with a reverent care,
 Active-patient be.
 Too much gladness brings to gloom
 Those who on the gods presume.

CHORUS.

WE are the sweet flowers,
 Born of sunny showers,
 (Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty
 saith;)
 Utterance, mute and bright,
 Of some unknown delight,
 We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple
 breath:

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

All who see us love us,—
We befit all places:
Unto sorrow we give smiles,—and unto graces,
raees

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe, to make our
passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green, when our tips
appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh
a-top, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright star, stumbling through
the grass;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the
bridegroom pass.
Age, the wither'd clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his
childhood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how heav'n loves colour;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and
green;—

What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues, made solely to be
seen :

See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of
her flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers, weary eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prison'd thoughts we give sudden
truce :

Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian
vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses,
Mix'd with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly, profit of the balm,
As fair fingers heal'd
Knights from the olden field

We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.

Ev'n the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;

Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled
flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine
Elfin court 'twould seem;
And taught, perchance, that dream
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon
nights divine.
To expound such wonder
Human speech avails not;
Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory
exhales not.

Think of all these treasures
 Matchless works and pleasures
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say
 Then think in what bright showers
 We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle
 wanton May :
 Think of the mossy forests
 By the bee-birds haunted,
 on all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as
 enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours ;
 Fruits are born of flowers ;
Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the
 spring :
 The lusty bee knows well
 The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the gloomy thick with darksome
 antheming.
 Beneath the very burthen
 Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace,—a thought
 for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus,—missings
 Of Cytherea's kissings,
Have in us been found, and wise men find them
 still ;

Drooping grace unfurls
 Still Hyacinthus' curls,
 And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish ill :
 Thy red lip, Adonis,
 Still is wet with morning ;
 And the step, that bled for thee, the rosy brier
 adorning.

O ! true things are fables,
 Fit for sagest tables,
 And the flowers are true things,—yet no fables
 they ;
 Fables were not more
 Bright, nor loved of yore,—
 Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every old
 pathway :
 Grossest hand can test us ;
 Fools may prize us never :—
 Yet we rise, and rise, and rise,—marvels sweet
 for ever.

Who shall say, that flowers
 Dress not heaven's own bowers ?
 Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet
 floor ?
 Who shall even dare
 To say, we sprang not there,—
 And came not down that Love might bring one
 piece of heaven the more ?

O! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions,
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their
golden pinions.

THE NARCISSUS.

BY JOHN KEATS.

WHAT first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round;
And in the midst of all a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping,
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness:
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move,
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's vale.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF
MEZEREON.

WHICH FLOWERED AT WOODSTOCK, DEC. 1809.

BY MRS. TIGHE.

ODOURS of spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature ;
And, mid these days of dark alarm
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas ! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore ;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last !
Beloved friends, adieu !
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

But oh ! in every mortal pang
That rends my soul from life,—
That soul, which seems on you to hang
Through each convulsive strife,

Even now, with agonizing grasp
Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp,
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet, why, immortal, vital spark !
Thus mortally opprest ?
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark
And bid thy terrors rest ;
Forget, forego thy earthly part,
Thine heavenly being trust :
Ah, vain attempt ! my coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

O ye ! who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer.
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear ;

Whose kindness (though far, far removed)
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteem'd, beloved,
My last sad claim receive !
Oh ! do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults ;
And speak of her with fond regret
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

THE LITTLE RED ROSE.

FROM GOETHE.

A boy caught sight of a rose in a bower—
A little rose slyly hiding
Among the boughs; O! the rose was bright
And young, and it glimmer'd like morning light.
The urchin sought it with haste; 'twas a flower
A child indeed might take pride in—
A little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding.

The wild boy shouted—"I'll pluck thee, rose,
Little rose vainly hiding
Among the boughs;" but the little rose spoke—
"I'll prick thee, and that will prove no joke;
Unhurt, O then will I mock thy woes,
Whilst thou thy folly art chiding."
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding!

But the rude boy laid his hands on the flower,
The little rose vainly hiding
Among the boughs; O, the rose was caught,
But it turned again, and pricked and fought,
And left with its spoiler a smart from that hour
A pain for ever abiding;
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding!

THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

BLOSSOMS, that lowly bend,
Shutting your leaves from evening's chilly dew
While your rich odours heavily ascend,
'The fitting winds to woo.

I walk at silent eve,
When scarce a breath is in the garden bowers,
And many a vision and wild fancy weave,
'Midst ye, ye lovely flowers ;

Beneath the cool green boughs,
And perfumed bells of the fresh blossom'd line,
That stoop and gently touch my feverish brow
Fresh in their summer prime ;

Or in the mossy dell,
Where the pale primrose trembles at a breath ;
Or where the lily, by the silent well,
Beholds her form beneath ;

Or where the rich queen-rose
Sits, throned and blushing, 'midst her leaves and
moss ;
Or where the wind-flower, pale and fragile, blows,
Or violets banks emboss.

Here do I love to be,—
Mine eye alone in passionate love to dwell
Upon the loneliness and purity
Of every bud and bell.

Oh blessedness, to lie,
By the clear brook, where the long bennet dips!
To press the rose-bud in its purity
Unto the burning lips!

To lay the weary head
Upon the bank, with daisies all beset,
Or with bared feet, at early dawn to tread
O'er mosses cool and wet!

And then to sit, at noon,
When bees are humming low, and birds are still,
And drowsy is the faint uncertain tone
Of the swift woodland rill.

And dreams can then reveal
That, wordless though ye be, ye have a tone
A language and a power, that I may feel,
Thrilling my spirit lone.

Ye speak of Hope and Love,
Bright as your hues, and vague as your perfume;
Of changeful, fragile thoughts, that brightly move
Men's hearts amidst their gloom.

Ye speak of human life,
Its mystery—the beautiful and brief;
Its sudden fading 'midst the tempest strife,
Even as a delicate leaf.

And, more than all, ye speak
Of might, and power, of mercy, of the One
Eternal, who hath strew'd you fair and meek,
To glisten in the sun ;

To gladden all the earth
With bright and beauteous emblems of his grace,
That showers its gifts of uncomputed worth
In every clime and place.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY SHELLY.

I DREAM'D that, as I wander'd by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in
a dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that
wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-colour'd
May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,

With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray,
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold;
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked
with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery
light;
And bulrushes and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the hours
Within my hand,— and then, elate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom!

BLUE VIOLET



Modesty

Sweet as Spring time flowers



CUPID INSPIRING PLANTS WITH
LOVE.

BY DYER.

TEEMING with Nature's lively hues,
I bid thee welcome, genial SPRING !
While fancy wakes her thousand lyres,
And woods and vales responsive sing.

She comes ; lo ! WINTER scowls away ;
Harmonious forms start forth to view ;
Nymphs tripping light in circles gay,
Deck'd in their robes of virgin hue.

Then I, on am'rous sportings bent,
Like a sly archer take my stand ;
Wide through the world my shafts are sent ;
And every creature owns my hand.

First man, the lord of all below,
A captive sinks beneath my dart ;
And lovely woman, made to glow,
Yields the dominion of her heart.

Through sea, and earth, and boundless sky,
The fond subjection *all* must prove,
Whether they swim the stream or fly,
Mountain, or vale, or forest rove.

Nor less the garden's sweet domain,
The mossy heath or verdant mead,
The tow'ring hill, the level plain,
And fields with blooming life o'erspread.



THE ALPINE VIOLET.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE Spring is come, the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun ;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower ;
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse
Her heavenly odours and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald, out of dire December ;
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours,
And 'mid the roses, ne'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

TO A DAISY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is every where !
A pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
 Of joy or sorrow ;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
 The forest through !

And wherefore ? Man is soon deprest ;
A thoughtless thing who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason :
But thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind ;
A hope for times that are unkind,
 And every season.

THE IVY SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

OH! how could fancy crown with thee
In ancient days the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine!
Ivy! thy home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song and beaker once went round
But now are known no more.
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

The Roman on his battle plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadow'd the victor's tent;
Though shining there in deathless green,
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's grave.
Urn and sculpture half-divine
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread--

Ivy ! they know thee well !
 And far above the festal vine,
 Thou wavest where once proud banners hung
 Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine,
 —The Rhine, still fresh and young !
 Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,
 Ivy ! all are thine !

High from the fields of air look down
 Those cyries of a vanish'd race,
 Where harp, and battle, and renown,
 Have pass'd, and left no trace.
 But thou art there ! serenely bright,
 Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 Or crown the lowliest tomb !
 Ivy, Ivy ! all are thine,
 Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same ; our pilgrim tread
 O'er classic plains, through deserts free,
 On the mute path of ages fled,
 Still meets decay and thee.
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August in beauty, stern in power,
 —Days pass—thou Ivy never sere !
 And thou shalt have thy dower.
 All are thine, or must be thine !
 —Temple, pillar, shrine !

DAFFODILS.

BY WORDSWORTH.

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky-way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought!

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

ADONIS' COUCH.

BY JOHN KEATS.

On a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty; fonder in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach;
And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tending swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light;
But rather giving them to the fill'd sight,
Officiously. Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth,
To slumbery pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head
Four lily stalks did their wide honours wed
To make a coronet; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammell'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle blooms divine;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;

And virgin's-bower, trailing airily ;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings ;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber ; while another took
A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair ; another dew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering wise,
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

FLOWER FANTASIES.

BY LOUISA ANN TWAMLEY.

Oh! there is music to the spirit's ear
 In every sigh
Heaved by the rose's bosom to the air
 That winnows by ;
And there is poetry in every leaf,
Whose blush speaks pleasure, or whose tears tell
 grief.

There is romance in every stem that bends
 In motion soft
Beneath the wind that rustles in the tall
 Tree-tops aloft,
And 'mid their branches whistlingly doth blow,
While it but fans the flowers that sleep below

We know they sleep ; at eve the Daisy small
 Foldeth all up
Her blush-tipp'd rays ; and the wave's empress*
 shuts
 Her star-lit cup :
And each fair flower, though some with open eye,
Listens and yields to nature's lullaby.

* The Water Lily.

The nodding Foxglove slumbers on her stalk ;
 And fan-like ferns
 Seem poised still and sleepily, until
 The morn returns
 With singing-birds and beams of rosy light,
 To bid them dance and frolic in delight.

The drowsy Poppy, who has all the day
 Proudly outspread
 His scarlet mantle, folds it closely now
 Around his head ;
 And, lull'd by soothing balm that his own leaves
 distil,
 Sleeps while the night-dews fall upon the moon-
 lit hill.

The fragrance is the spirit of the flower,
 E'en as the soul
 Is *our* ethereal portion. We can ne'er
 Hold or control
 One more than other. Passing sweet must be
 The visions, gentle things, that visit ye !

How happily ye live in the pure light
 Of loveliness !
 Do ye not feel how deeply—wondrously—
 Ye cheer and bless.
 Our checker'd sojourn on this weary earth,
 Whose wildest, dreariest spots to FLOWERS have
 given birth ?

Do not ye joy to know the pure delight
 With which we gaze
Upon your glorious forms?—Are ye not glad
 E'en in the praise
Which our enraptured wonder ever tells
While poring o'er the wealth that in ye dwells:

That wealth of thought, of beauty, and of love,
 Which may be found
In each small common herb that springs from out
 The teeming ground?

Do not ye feel that ye do deeply bless
Our harsher souls by your dear loveliness?

Oh! if 'tis given unto ye to know
 The thrilling power
Of memories and thoughts that can be read
 E'en in a flower,
How ye must all rejoice beneath each look
Which reads your beauty, like an open book!

We love its silent language: strong, though still,
 Is that unheard
But all-pervading harmony:—it breathes
 No utter'd word,
But floats around us, as, in happy dream,
We feel the soft sigh of a waveless stream.

So, love of nature's harmony can bless
 And gladden ever

The heart and fancy, as pellucid wave
Of fount or river
Flings back more bright what bright doth on it fall,
And its own radiance lends where else were none
at all.



SONNET.

BY SPENSER.

SWEET is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the Juniper, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the Firbloom, but his branches rough,
Sweet is the Cypress, but his rind is tough,
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowere, but yet sowre
enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.
So every sweet with sowre is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men loe set but little store.
Why then should I account of little paine,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gaine?

THE FLOWER-DIAL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'T WAS a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams,—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

BOWING ADORERS.

BY CLARE.

BOWING adorers of the gale,
Ye *Cowslips* delicately pale,
 Upraise your loaded stems ;
Unfold your eups in splendour, speak !
Who deck'd you with that ruddy streak,
 And gilt your golden gems ?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple's richest pride array'd,
 Your errand here fulfil ;
Go bid the artist's simple strain
Your lustre imitate in vain,
 And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth.
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
 That stud the velvet sod ;
Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
 Your Maker, and my God.

FRAGMENT.

BY COWPER.

SOME clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffused
And lowly ereeping, modest and yet fair,
Like virtue, thriving most where little seen;
Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
With elapsing tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon,
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.



TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

BY BURNS.

WEE, modest, erimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun erush among the stour
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.



Coquetry



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Alas! it's no thy neebour sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat!
 Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
 The purplin' east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth:
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth,
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!

By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust ;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but heaven,
He ruin'd sink !

E'en thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! wear it on thy heart, my love!
Still, still a little while!
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
Though faded be their smile.
Yet, for the sake of what hath been,
Oh! cast it not away!
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright, golden day,
My love,
A long, bright, golden day!

A little while around thee, love!
Its fragrance yet shall cling,
Telling that on thy heart hath lain,
A fair, though faded thing.
But not even that warm heart hath power
To win it back from fate:—
Oh! I am like thy broken flower,
Cherish'd too late, too late,
My love!
Cherish'd, alas! too late

TO THE SUNFLOWER.

PRIDE of the garden, the beauteous, the regal,
The crown'd with a diadem burning in gold ;
Sultan of flowers, as the strong-pinion'd eagle
And lord of the forest their wide empire hold.

Let the Rose boast her fragrance, the soft gales
perfuming,
The 'Tulip unfold all her fair hues to me :
Yet though sweet be their perfume, their rainbow
dyes blooming,
I turn, noble Sunflower, with more love to thee.

There are some think thy stateliness haughty, dis-
daining,—
Thy heaven-seeking gaze has no charm for
their eyes ;
'Tis because the pure spirit within thee that's
reigning
Exalts thee above the vain pleasures they prize.

Emblem of constancy, whilst he is beaming,
For whom is thy passion so steadfast, so true ;
May we, who of faith and of love are aye dreaming,
Be taught to remember this lesson by you !

If on earth, like the Sunflower, our soul's best
devotion

Shall turn to the source of Truth's far-beaming
rays ;
O now blest, how triumphant, shall be our
emotion,
When the bright ' Sun of Righteousness ' bursts
on our gaze.



THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

BY JOHN STERLING.

Low spake the Knight to the peasant girl,
" I tell thee sooth—I am belted Earl ;
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shall sit in my castle's hall.

" Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and
pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure ;
Here with my sword and horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land.

" Take, thou fairest ! this full-blown rose,
A token of Love that as ripely blows."
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaimed—"Thou see'st, Sir
Knight,

Thy fingers of iron can only smite ;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scatter'd,
I in thy grasp should be wreck'd and shatter'd."

She trembled and blush'd, and her glances fell ;
But she turn'd from the Knight, and said "Fare-
well ;"

"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize,
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurr'd with furious heel ;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatch'd his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped :
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot
horse,
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue :
That morning the maiden was fair to view :
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the withered leaves, and the maiden dead.

THE ROSE.

BY WALLER.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time on me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;
And teach the maid
That goodness time's rude hand defies ;
That virtue lives when beauty dies



HEART'S-EASE.

I USED to love thee, simple flower,
To love thee dearly when a boy ;
For thou didst seem in childhood's hour
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only work'st my grief,
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled
Give me—give me the wither'd leaf,
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be ;
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,
But points unto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flower,
For thou art gay, and I am lone ;
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—
The Heart's-ease from my path is gone.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

BY JOHN STERLING.

Mossy rose on mossy stone,
Flowering 'mid the ruins lone,
I have learnt, beholding thee,
Youth and Age may well agree.

Baby germ of freshest hue,
Out of ruin issuing new ;
Moss a long laborious growth,
And one stalk supporting both :

Thus may still, while fades the past,
Life come forth again as fast ;
Happy if the relics sere
Deck a cradle, not a bier.

Tear the garb, the spirit flies,
And the heart unshelter'd, dies ;
Kill within the nursling flower,
Scarce the green survives an hour.

Ever thus together live,
And to man a lesson give,
Moss, the work of vanished years,
Rose, that but to-day appears.

Moss, that covers dateless tombs;
 Bud with early sweet that blooms;
 Childhood thus, in happy rest,
 Lies on ancient Wisdom's breast.

Moss and Rose, and Age and Youth,
 Flush and Verdure, Hope and Truth,
 Yours be peace that knows not strife,
 One the root and one the life.



THE HYACINTH.

BY CASIMIR.

CHILD of the Spring, thou charming flower,
 No longer in confinement lie,
 Arise to light, thy form discover,
 Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er;
 Winter retires to make thee way;
 Come then, thou sweetly blooming flower,
 Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dress'd in beaming smiles,
 To give thy beauties to the day:
 Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
 To fan thy bosom as they play.

FLOWERS FOR THE GRAVE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Room, gentle flowers! my child would pass to
heaven!

Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes,
Oh watchful ushers at Death's narrow door!
But lo! while you delay to let her forth,
Angels, beyond, stay for her! One long kiss
From lips all pale with agony, and tears,
Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire
The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life
Held as a welcome to her. Weep! oh mother!
But not that from this cup of bitterness
A cherub of the sky has turn'd away!

One look upon thy face ere thou depart!
My daughter! It is soon to let thee go!
My daughter! With thy birth has gush'd a spring
I knew not of—filling my heart with tears,
And turning with strange tenderness to thee—
A love—oh God! it seems so—that must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me,
Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain
Drawing me after thee! And so, farewell!
'Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost
But the foul grave! 'Thou, who so late wast
sleeping
Warr: in the close fold of a mother's heart

Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving
But it was sent thee with some tender thought,
How can I leave thee—*here!* Alas for man!
The herb in its humility may fall
And waste into the bright and genial air,
While we—by hands that ministered in life
Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms,
And the warm sunshine trodden out for ever!
Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,
And thought how little it would seem like death
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook,
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,
Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone;
The birds are never silent that build here,
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters;
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,
And far below, seen under arching leaves,
Glisters the warm sun on the village spire,
Pointing the living after thee. And this
Seems like a comfort; and, replacing now
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go
To whisper the same peace to her who lies—
Robb'd of her child and lonely. 'Tis the work
Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer,
To bring the heart back from an infant gone.
Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot
The images from all the silent rooms,

And every sight and sound familiar to her
Undo its sweetest link—and so at last
The fountain—that, once struck, must flow for
ever—

Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile
Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring
Wakens the buds above thee, we will come,
And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,
Look on each other cheerfully, and say:—
*A child that we have loved is gone to heaven,
And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away!*

THE QUEEN OF THE GARDEN

BY MOORE.

IF Jove would give the leafy bowers
A *queen* for all their world of flowers,
The ROSE would be the choice of Jove
And reign the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of flowerets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty, nursed by dawns;
Soft the soul of love it breathes;
Cypria's brow with magic wreathes;
And to the zephyr's warm caresses
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray!

THE COWSLIP.

UNFOLDING to the breeze of May,
 The Cowslip greets the vernal ray ;
 The topaz and the ruby gem,
 Her blossom's simple diadem ;
 And, as the dew-drops gently fall,
 They tip with pearls her coronal.

In princely halls and courts of kings
 Its lustrous ray the diamond flings ;
 Yet few of those who see its beam,
 Amid the torch-light's dazzling gleam,
 As bright as though a meteor shone,
 Can call the costly prize their own.

But gems of every form and hue
 Are glittering here in morning dew ;
 Jewels that all alike may share
 As freely as the common air ;
 No niggard hand, or jealous eye,
 Protects them from the passer by.

Man to his brother shuts his heart,
 And Science acts a miser's part ;
 But Nature, with a liberal hand,
 Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land
 If gold she gives, not single grains
 Are scatter'd far across the plains ;
 But lo, the desert streams are roll'd
 O'er precious beds of virgin gold.
 If flowers she offers, wreaths are given,
 As countless as the stars of heaven :

Or music—'tis no feeble note
She bids along the valleys float ;
Ten thousand nameless melodies
In one full chorus swell the breeze.

Oh, art is but a scanty rill
That genial seasons scarcely fill.
But nature needs no tide's return
To fill afresh her flowing urn :
She gathers all her rich supplies
Where never-failing waters rise."

TO THE ROUND-LEAFED SUNDEW.

By the lone fountain's secret bed,
Where human footsteps rarely tread,
'Mid the wild moor of silent glen,
The Sundew blooms unseen by men ;
Spreads there her leaf of rosy hue,
A chalice for the morning dew,
And, ere the summer's sun can rise,
Drinks the pure waters of the skies.

Wouldst thou that thy lot were given,
Thus to receive the dews of heaven,
With heart prepared, like this meek flower ?
Come, then, and hail the dawning hour ;
So shall a blessing from on high,
Pure as the rain of summer's sky,

Unsullied as the morning dew,
Descend, and all thy soul imbue.

Yes ! like the blossoms of the waste
Would we the sky-born waters taste,
To the High Fountain's sacred spring
The chalice let us humbly bring :
So shall we find the streams of heaven
To him who seeks are freely given ;
The morning and the evening dew
Shall still our failing strength renew.



A CYPRESS LEAF,

FOR THE GRAVE OF A DEAR ONE.

THE feelings I have felt have died away,
The love that was my lamp death's dews have
quenched ;
The faith which, through life's ills, ne'er knew
decay,
Hath in the chill showers of the grave been
drenched ;
The hopes that buoyed my spirit 'mid the spray
Of life's wild ocean, one by one are wrenched—
Cruelly wrenched away,—and I am now
A solitary leaf on a rent bough !

The link that knit me to mankind is snapped—
Briefly it bound me to a callous world ;



Worget me not



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The fortress of my comfort hath been sapp'd—
Where are Joy's banners, lightsomely unfurl'd,
 That graced the battlements? In vapor wrapp'd
 In the dense smoke of stifled breath upcurl'd,
 They drop in tatters—forming now a pall
 For the sad mummy-heart that drips with gall.

I have not now of broken troth to wail,
 I have not now to speak of friendship broken;
 Of Death and Death's wild triumphs is my tale—
 Of friendship faithful, and of love's last token,
 A ring!—whose holy motto ne'er shall fail
 To rouse such sorrow as may ne'er be spoken
 That pictured Dove and Branch—those words,
 '*La Paix!*'
 (O direful mockery!) wear my heart away!*

'*Peace?*'—Peace! alas, there is no peace for me.
 It rests with thee, beloved one! in the grave!
 Yet, when I search the cells of Memory,
 Where silently the subterranean wave
 Of buried hope glides on, a thought of thee—
 Like sunshine on the hermit's darkened cave—
 Steals gently o'er my spirit, whispering sweet
 Of realms beyond the tomb, where we *shall* meet!

* A melancholy anecdote is attached to these lines; the motto 'LA PAIX' was engraven on the bequeathed gift of a beloved friend, who, in the bloom of youth, fell a victim to a sudden and violent death in India.

Our love—how did it spring? In sooth it grew
 Even as some rare exotic in a clime
 Unfriendly to its growth: yet rich in hue,
 Voluptuous in fragrance, as if Time
 Had oeen to it all sunlight and soft dew,—
 As if upon its freshness the cold rime
 Of death should never fall! How came it then!
 Even as the manna fell 'midst famish'd men.

To be snatch'd up in transport! And we fed
 Upon affection's banquet, that ne'er pall'd
 Upon the spirit's palate! Friendship shed
 A light around our bosoms which recall'd
 The memory of that bard, whose soul was wed
 With love surpassing woman's love, uncall'd
 By selfish doubts—to him, the monarch's son,
 Brave Jonathan! Like their's, our souls were one

Oh! long we loved in silence! Neither spake
 Of that which work'd the thoughtful mine
 within;—

Thou didst not guess that, sleeping or awake,
 My thoughts were full of thee till thought grew
 sin:

For it is sin of earthly things to make
 Our idols! and I never hoped to win
 Thy coveted affection; but for me,
Thy heart was also yearning silently!

I was the first to speak—and words there were,
Wild words, that painted fond affection's
course ;—

O! what indeed will erring tongues not dare,
When conquering Feeling prompts! Like
winds that force

From wind-harps mystic sounds, the lips declare,
Thoughts that are often follow'd by remorse ;
For passion hath a potency that breaks
Each puny bulwark callous Reason makes !

But our's was Friendship's purest worship—pure,
Altho' that worship bowed at earthly shrines,
Alas! that hearts on altars insecure
Should sacrifice their *all* of bliss! There
twines

O'er mankind's sweetest hopes corruption sure,
To blast their beauty e'en whilst most it
shines!—

'Tis but to teach us there are worlds above,
Where Hope fruition finds in endless Love !

WILD FLOWERS.

BY JOHN KEATS.

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill ;
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Fell droopingly in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely tapering stems
Had not yet lost their starry diadems,
Caught from the early sobbings of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new
shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they
slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety ;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending :
Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
Guess where the janty streams refresh them-
selves.

I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had play'd upon my heels: I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them;
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep
 them

Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,
'That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert edge with wild-brier overtwin'd,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of bright-green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:
Round which is heard a spring head of clear
 waters,

Prattling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
'The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thoughtlessly
By infant hands left on the path to die.
Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids

That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung ;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :
So haply wæen I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet-peas, on tiptoe for a flight :
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
What next ? a turf of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers.



THE JASMINE.

BY MOORE.

'Twas midnight—through the lattice wreath'd
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep ;
From timid jasmine buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day ;
But when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about.

TO PRIMROSES

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

BY HERRICK.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew!
Alas! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warp'd as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?

No, no; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
forth.

THE DAISY.

BY JOHN MASON GOOD.

Nor worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove that God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but he who arch'd the skies,
And pour'd the day-spring's living flood
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it unrestrain'd and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
At every step, the stamp of God?

FROM METASTASIO.

The married are compared by the poet to the young
Rose, which the lover places in the bosom of his
mistress, first stripped of thorns.

THOU virgin Rose! whose opening leaves so fair,
The dawn has nourish'd with her balmy dews;
While softest whispers of the morning air
Call'd forth the blushes of thy vermeil hues;

That cautious hand, which cropt thy youthful
pride,
Transplants thy honours, where from hurt
secure,
Strip'd of each thorn offensive to thy side,
Thy nobler part alone shall bloom mature.

Thus thou, a flower, exempt from change of skies,
By storms and torrents unassail'd shall rise,
And scorn the winter colds, and summer heats;
A guard more faithful than thy growth shall tend,
By whom thou mayst in tranquil union blend
Eternal beauties with eternal sweets.

THE LILY.

J. H. WIFFEN.

Look on that flower—the daughter of the vale
The Medicean statue of the shade!

Her limbs of modest beauty, aspect pale,
Are but by her ambrosial breath betray'd.

There, half in elegant relief display'd,
She standeth to our gaze, half-shrinking shuns;

Folding her green scarf like a bashful maid

Around, to screen her from her suitor suns,

Not all her many sweets she lavisheth at once.

Lock'd in the twilight of depending boughs,

Where night and day commingle, she doth shoot,
Where nightingales repeat their marriage vows;

First by retiring, wins our curious foot,
Then charms us by her loveliness to suit

Our contemplation to her lovely lot;
Her gloom, leaf, blossom, fragrance form dispute

Which shall attract most belgards to the spot,
And loveliest her array who fain would rest un
sought.

Her gloom, the aisle of heavenly solitude;

Her flower, the vestal nun who there abideth;
Her breath, that of celestials meekly woo'd

From heaven; her leaf, the holy veil which
hideth;

Her form, the shrine where purity resideth;

Spring's darling, nature's pride, the sylvan's
queen—

To her at eve enamour'd Zephyr glideth,
Trembling, she bids him waft aside her screen,
And to his kisses wakes—the Flora of the scene.

THE NARCISSUS.

BY GAY.

HERE young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood ;
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleased image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his inexperienced breast subdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued.
Himself alone, the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires ;
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he
grieves ;
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves :
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
And in a short-lived flower his beauty blows.
Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
That beauty's but a transient good at best ;
Like flowers it withers with th' advancing year,
And age like winter robs the blooming fair.

A SONG OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Rose! what dost thou here?
Bridal, royal rose?
How, 'midst grief and fear,
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love which to thy heart-leaf
glows?

Rose! too much array'd
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou through the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crown'd one of all
flowers!

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost *thou* kindle thoughts, for earthly life too
high—

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek,
Thoughts of glory rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak

Yet, oh! festal rose,
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillow'd with the dying,
Thy crimson by the life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love
O'er that bed of pain,
Meet in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a claim
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smilest thou, gorgeous flower?—
O! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells.

All the soul forth flowing
In that rich perfume,
All the proud life glowing
In that radiant bloom,
Have they no place but here, beneath th' o'er-
shadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race?—
Heaven's own purest waters
Well might bear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.

Will that clime enfold thee
 With immortal air ?
 Shall we not behold thee
 Bright and deathless there ?
 In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more fair !

Yes ! my fancy sees thee
 In that light disclose,
 And its dream thus frees thee
 From the mist of woes,
 Darkening *thine* earthly bowers, O bridal, royal
 rose.



THE ROSE.

FROM BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Of all flowers.

Methinks a rose is best
 It is the very emblem of a maid ;
 For when the west wind courts her gently,
 How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
 With her chaste blushes ! When the north comes
 near her,
 Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
 She locks her beauties in her bud again,
 And leaves him to base briers.

THE CAPTIVE AND THE FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

CAPTIVE.

A FLOWER that's wondrous fair, I know,
My bosom holds it dear ;
To seek that flower I long to go,
But am imprison'd here.
'Tis no light grief oppresses me ;
For in the days my steps were free,
I had it always near.
Far round the tower I send mine eye
The tower so steep and tall ;
But nowhere can the flower descrie
From this high castle wall ;
And him who'll bring me my desire,
Or be he knight, or be he squire,
My dearest friend I'll call.

ROSE.

My blossoms near thee I disclose,
And hear thy wretched plight ;
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the rose
Thou noble, hapless knight.
A lofty mind in thee is seen,
And in thy bosom reigns the queen
Of flowers as is her right.

CAPTIVE.

Thy crimson bud I duly prize
 In outer robe of green ;
 For this thou'rt dear in maiden's eyes,
 As gold and jewels sheen.
 Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow,
 And yet the flower—it is not thou,
 Whom my still wishes mean.

LILY.

The little rose has cause for pride,
 And upwards aye will soar ;
 Yet am I held by many a bride
 The rose's wreath before.
 And beats thy bosom faithfully,
 And art thou true, and pure as I,
 Thou'lt prize the lily more.

CAPTIVE.

I call myself both chaste and pure,
 And pure from passions low ;
 And yet these walls my limbs immure
 In loneliness and woe.
 Though thou dost seem, in white array
 Like many a pure and beauteous maid,
 One dearer thing I know.

PINK.

And dearer I, the pink, must be,
 And me thou sure dost choose,
 Or else the gard'ner ne'er for me
 Such watchful care would use ;

PROVERB



Beloved Child



A crowd of leaves enriching bloom !
 And mine through life the sweet perfume,
 And all the thousand hues.

CAPTIVE.

The pink can no one justly slight,
 The gard'ner's favourite flower ;
 He sets it now beneath the light.
 Now shields it from its power.
 Yet 'tis not pomp, who o'er the rest
 In splendour shines, can make me blest ;
 It is a still, small flower.

VIOLET.

I stand conceal'd, and bending low,
 And do not love to speak ;
 Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,
 My wonted silence break.
 For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,
 Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,
 My perfumes all I'll make.

CAPTIVE.

The violet I esteem indeed,
 So modest and so kind ;
 Its fragrance sweet yet more I need,
 To soothe mine anguish'd mind.
 To you the truth will I confess ;
 Here, 'mid this rocky dreariness,
 My love I ne'er shall find.

The truest wife by yonder brook
Will roain the mournful day,
And hither cast the anxious look,
Long as immured I stay.
Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,
And says, "Forget me not!" the power
I feel, though far away.
Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,
For true love joins us twain,
And therefore 'mid the dungeon's night
I still in life remain.
And sinks my heart at my hard lot,
I but exclaim, "Forget me not!"
And straight new life regain.

FRAGMENT.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AND well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
'The sun in all his round survey'd,
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power.

THE VIOLET*

BY G. J. CLARKE.

WHEN April's warmth unlocks the c'ld,
Soft'n'd by gentle showers,
The violet pierces through the sod,
And blossoms, first of flowers;
So may I give my heart to God
In childhood's early hours.

Some plants, in gardens only found,
Are raised with pains and care :
God scatters *violets* all around,
They blossom every where ;
Thus may my love to *all* abound,
And all my fragrance share.

Some scentless flowers stand straight and **high**.
With pride and haughtiness :
But violets perfume land and sky,
Although they promise less.
Let me, with all humility,
Do more than I profess.

* Written for a little girl to speak on May-day, in
the character of the Violet.

Sweet flower, be thou a type to me
 Of blameless joy and mirth,
 Of widely-scatter'd sympathy,
 Embracing all God's earth—
 Of early-blooming piety,
 And unpretending worth.



I SEND THE LILIES GIVEN TO ME

BY BYRON.

I SEND the lilies given to me,
 Though, long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must wither'd be;
 But yet reject them not as such:
 For I have cherish'd them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
 And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round;

The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear.
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

FADED FLOWERS.

BY MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

REMEMBRANCERS of happiness! to me
Ye bring sweet thoughts of the year's purple
prime,
Wild, mingling melodies of bird and bee
That pour on summer winds their silvery chime;
And of rich incense, burdening all the air,
From flowers that by the sunny garden wall
Bloom'd at your side,—nursed into beauty there
By dews and silent showers; but these to all
Ye bring. Oh! sweeter far than these the spell
Shrined in those fairy urns for me alone,
For me a charm sleeps in each honey'd cell
Whose power can call back hours of rapture
flown,
To the sad heart sweet memories restore,
Tones, looks, and words of love that may re-
turn no more.

TO DAFFODILS.

BY GEORGE HERRICK.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
As yet, the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd its noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even song ;
And having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

WHITE ROSES.

BY SARAH LOUISA P. SMITH.

THEY were gather'd for a bridal!
I knew it by their hue :
Fair as the summer moonlight
Upon the sleeping dew.
From their fair and fairy sisters
They were borne, without a sigh,
For one remember'd evening
To blossom and to die.

They were gather'd for a bridal !
And fasten'd in a wreath ;
But purer were the roses
Than the heart that lay beneath ;
Yet the beaming eye was lovely,
And the coral lip was fair,
And the gazer look'd and ask'd not
For the secret hidden there.

They were gather'd for a bridal '
Where a thousand torches glisten'd,
When the holy words were spoken,
And the false and faithless listen'd
And answered to the vow
Which another heart had taken,
Yet he was present then—
The once loved, the forsaken.

They were gather'd for a bridal !
And now, now they are dying,
And young Love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing.
Their summer life was stainless,
And not like her's who wore them
They are faded, and the farewell
Of beauty lingers o'er them !

THE FURZE.

'MID scatter'd foliage, pale and sere,
Thy kind floweret cheers the gloom ;
And offers to the waning year
The tribute of its golden bloom.

Beneath November's clouded sky,
In chill December's stormy hours,
Thy blossom meets the trave'ler's eye,
Gay as the buds of summer bowers.

Flower of the dark and wintry day !
Emblem of friendship ! thee I hail !
Blooming when others fade away,
And brightest when their hues grow pale.

NIGHT-BLOOMING FLOWERS.

BY JULIET H. LEWIS.

FAIR buds! I've wander'd day by day
To this sequester'd spot,
That I might catch your earliest smiles,
And yet, you open not.
The morning mists are scattered now,
No cloud is in the sky,
The sun, like a benignant king,
Smiles from his throne on high;
While birds, in gushing melody,
Are offering homage up;
And sister flowers, beneath his gaze,
Ope wide each fragile cup.
Why shut you then your incense in,
And hide your loveliness,
As though no one might share your joy
Beneath the sun's caress?

Now wake you, 'tis the sunset hour,
The day-king has gone down;
Yet still, above the mountain's top,
Is seen his brilliant crown;
Awake you! if his gleaming gems,
His bands of glittering gold,
His glorious, life-like radiance
Departing, you'd behold.

The river's touch'd with glowing light,
And rolls, a crimson flood ;
While heaven's blush has lent its hues
Unto the leafy wood.

Still, are you folded to your dreams ?
Bright must those visions be,
If they surpass the gorgeousness
Of evening's pageantry !

Good night ! the stars are gemming heaven,
And seem like angel's eyes,
Resuming now their silent watch
Within the far-off skies ;
They nightly on their burning thrones
Like guardian spirits, keep
Familiar vigil o'er the world,
Wrapt in its solemn sleep ;
And tenderly they gaze on us,
Those children of the air,
While every ray they send to us,
Some message seems to bear,
That stirs us to the inmost core ;
And we do thrill beneath their beams,
And start, and tremble, wildly, like
Ambition in his dreams.

Now, lo ! you burst your emerald bonds,
And ope your languid eyes,
And spread your loveliness before
Those dwellers of the skies ;

While incense, from your grateful hearts,
Like prayer ascends to heaven ;
And kindly dew, and starry light,
Are answering blessings given.
" Ask and ye shall receive," you seem
To whisper to my heart,
And move me in your worshipping
To take an active part.
Sweet teachers ! 'tis an hour for prayer,
When hush'd are sounds of mirth,
And slumber rests his balmy wing
Upon the weary earth :
When all the ties that bind the soul
To worldliness, are riven—
Then heart-felt prayers, like loosen'd birds
Will wing their way to heaven.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

BY R. M. MILNES.

O PENSIVE Sister! thy tear-darken'd gaze
 I understand, whene'er thou look'st upon
 The Garden's gilded green and colour'd blaze,
 The gay society of flowers and sun.

Thou thinkest of the withering that must come,
 The quenching of this radiance all around,
 The hastening change in Nature's merriest home,
 The future blackness of the orphan'd ground.

Thou thinkest too of those more precious blooms
 The firstling honours of thy Life's fresh field,
 The childly feelings that have all their tombs,
 The hopes of youth that now no odours yield:

Still many a blessed sense, in living glee,
 Waves its bright form to glorify thy breast,
 But this fair scene's perverse morality
 Tells thee, they all will perish like the rest:

Yet pluck them, hurt them not; whate'er betides,
 Touch not with wilful force those flowers o'
 thine,—
 Let death receive them, his inviolate brides,
 They are the destined vestals of his shrine.

And if those children of the insensate earth
Go down in peace to a prolific grave,—
If Nature raises in continuous birth
The plant whose present grace she will not
save,—

So some deep-grounded root or visible seed,
When these heart-blossoms fade, may still
remain,
In a new season of thy being, decreed
To rise to light and loveliness again.



THE FRAGRANT AIR-FLOWER.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

MEN say there is a gentle flower,
That, born beneath an eastern sky,
Without the gift of sun or shower,
Gives out its precious sigh.
That—with affection—sweetly dwells
Beneath the Indian's stately doom,
Or freely throws its fragrant spells
Around his lowly home,—
Fed only by that sacred air
That, as a spirit, hovers there !

And thou art like that fairy thing,
 Though gifted with a colder sky,
 With scent and bloom, too pure to fling
 Before the passer by;
 Who, with the star-flowers of thine eyes,
 Couldst brighten still the brightest lot,
 Or, with thy fond and fragrant sighs,
 Make rich the poor man's cot!—
 An English Ruth,—in good or ill,
 To follow wheresoe'er we roam,
 And hang thy precious garlands, still,
 Amid the breath of home!

--My weary heart! my weary heart!
 It is a pleasant thing
 To wander from the crowd apart,
 When faint, and chill'd, and cold thou art,
 And fold thy restless wing,
 Beside the sweet and quiet streams
 Where grow life's lily-bells,—
 And peace—that feeds on happy dreams
 And utters music,—dwells—
 And love, beside the gushing springs,
 Like some young Naiad, sits and sings.

To leave awhile the barren height,
 Where thou, too long, hast striven
 As if the spirit's *upward* flight
 Had been the path to heaven.

And musing by love's haunted rill,
 Earth's "river of the blest,"
 To see how sweetly heaven still,
 Is mirror'd on *its* breast,
 And feel thou, there, art nearer far
 To that bright land of sun and star!

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MEEK dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
 With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
 Whence are ye?—Did some white-wing'd mes-
 senger

On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
 To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
 Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
 Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?—

—Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere: no polar pine
 Uprears a veteran front; yet there *ye* stand,
 Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
 And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
 Who bids you bloom unblanch'd amid the waste
 Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
 O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling treads the
 verge

Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
 Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
 And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
 Fearless, yet frail--and, clasping his chill hands,
 Biesses your pencill'd beauty. 'Mid the pomp
 Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
 And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
 He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
 Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
 And freer dreams of heaven.



THE MISTLETOE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL

WHEN winter nights grow long,
 And winds without blow cold,
 We sit in a ring round the warm wood-fire,
 And listen to stories old!
 And we try to look grave (as maids should be,)
 When the men bring in boughs of the laurel-tree
O, the Laurel, the evergreen tree!
The Poets have laurels—and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
 And hides the wintry sun,
 To see them come in to the blazing fire,
 And know that their work is done;

While many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of holly for Christmas time!

*O the Holly, the bright green Holly,
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly.*

Sometimes—in our grave-house,

Observe, this happeneth not;

But, at times, the evergreen laurel boughs

And the holly are all forgot!

And then! what then? why, the men laugh low,

And hang up a branch of—the Mistletoe!

Oh, brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!

But the Mistletoe banisheth melancholy!

Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know

What is done—under the Mistletoe!

TO THE PRIMROSE.

BY BIDLAKE.

PALE visitant of balmy spring,
Joy of the new-born year,
That bidd'st young hope new-plume his wing,
Soon as thy buds appear :
While o'er the incense-breathing sky
The tepid hours first dare to fly,
And vainly woo the chilling breeze
That, bred in winter's frozen lan.
Still struggung chains the lingering sap
Within the widow'd trees.

Remote from towns, thy transient life
Is spent in skies more pure ;
The suburb smoke, the seat of strife,
Thou canst but ill endure.
Coy rustic ! thou art blooming found
Where artless nature's charms abound,
Sweet neighbour of the chanter rill ;
Well pleased to sip the silvery tide,
Or nodding o'er the fountain's side,
Self-gazing, look thy fill ;

Or, on the dingle's shadowy steep,
The gaudy furze beneath,
Thy modest beauties sweetly peep,
Thy chaster odours breathe.
From luxury we turn aside,
From wealth and ostentatious pride,
With many an emblematic thorn,
Thy humbler mien well pleased to meet ;
Like competence in blest retreat,
Thy smiles the spring adorn.

What though thou boast no splendid hue
Of Flora's prouder race ?
To me more fair art thou to view,
In all thy simple grace :
Thine innocence and beauty meek,
More like my Celestina's cheek,
Where all the modest virtues play ;
Expression beaming from her eye.
In cherub smiles of chastity,
With mild and temper'd ray.

Yet treasures lurk within thy lips
To glad the spoiler bee,
Who not with idle errand sips,
Or wanton vagrancy.
Ah ! blest is he who temperance tries,
Simplicity above disguise,

And shuns the falser gloss of art ;
'Tis he extracts a bliss refined,
Congenial to the virtuous mind,
The tender feeling heart.

Thy smiles young innocence invite,
What time thy lids awake,
In shadowy lane to taste delight,
Or mazy tangled brake.
The infant troop of rosy hue,
And gay with health I seem to view,
While pleasure lights their laughing eyes ;
With little hands a wreath combine,
Their fugitive delights entwine,
And boast their fragrant prize.

Ah ! happy breasts ! unknown to pain
I would not spoil your joys ;
Nor vainly teach you to complain
Of life's delusive toys.
Be jocund still, still sport and smile,
Nor dream of woe or future guile ;
For soon shall ye awaken'd find
The joys of life's sad thorny way,
But fading flowerets of a day
Cut down by every wind.

THE VIOLET.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I LOVE all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
All leaves, from white to jet ;
All the sweet words that Summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief—the Violet !

I love, how *much* I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the South-wind blows,
In pretty amorous threat ;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous wondrous world of June,
Yet more—the Violet !

She comes—the first, the fairest thing
That Heaven upon the earth doth fling,
Ere Winter's star has set ;
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as angels give, unseen :
So, love—the Violet !

What modest thoughts the Violet teaches,
What gracious boons the Violet preaches,
Bright maiden, ne'er forget !
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing thou, with thy wiser heart,
' *Long live the Violet !* '

FADED FLOWERS.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

FADED flowers,
 Sweet faded flowers,
 Beauty and death
 Have ruled your hours,
 Ye woke in bloom but a morn ago,
 And now are your blossoms in dust laid low.

But yesterday
 With the breeze ye strove,
 In the play of life,
 In the pride of love;
 To and fro swung each radiant head,
 That now is drooping, and pale, and dead!

Delicate flower,
 With the pearl-white bells,
 No more shall dew-drop
 Sleep in thy cells!
 No more, rich rose, on thy heaving breast,
 The honey-bee fold his wings to rest!

Fair myrtle-tree,
 Thy blossoms lie low,
 But green above them
 Thy branches grow;
 Like a buried love, or a vanish'd joy,
 Link'd unto memories none destroy.

Faded flowers,
Sweet faded flowers—
Fair frail records
Of Eden's bowers ;

In a world where sorrow and wrong bear sway,
Why should ye linger ?—Away ! away !

What were the emblems
Pride to stain,
Might ye your glorious
Crowns retain ?

And what for the young heart, bow'd with grief,
Were the rose ne'er seen with a wither'd leaf ?

Ye bloom to tell us
What once hath been ;
What yet shall in heaven
Again be seen ;

Ye die, that man in his strength may learn,
How vain the hopes in his heart that burn.

Many in form,
And bright in hue !
I know your fate,
But the earth to strew,
And my soul flies on to immortal bowers,
Where the heart and the rose are not faded flowers.

THE ROSES.

BY BOYVING.

I saw them once blowing,
 While morning was glowing;
 But now are their wither'd leaves strew'd o'er the
 ground,
 For tempests to play on,
 For cold worms to prey on,
 The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds which then flourish'd,
 With dew-drops were nourish'd,
 Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high
 Their hues are all banish'd,
 Their fragrance all vanish'd,
 Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
 Of glories and graces
 Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay;
 And smiling and gladness,
 In sorrow and sadness,
 Ere life reach'd its twilight, fade swiftly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances,
 And melody's glances,

Are rays of a moment—are dying when born;
 And pleasure's best dower
 Is nought but a flower,
 A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
 Its brilliancy shrouded,
 Our strength disappears, we are helpless and lone
 No reason avails us,
 And intellect fails us;
 Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

PRETTY firstling of the year!
 Herald of the host of flowers,
 Hast thou left my cavern drear,
 In the hope of summer hours?
 Back unto my earthen bowers!
 Back to thy warm world below,
 Till the strength of suns and showers
 Quell the now relentless snow!

Art *still* here?—Alive? and blithe?
 Though the stormy night hath fled,
 And the Frost hath pass'd his scythe
 O'er thy small unshelter'd head!

Ah!—some lie amid the dead,
 (Many a giant stubborn tree,—
 Many a plant, its spirits shed,)
 That were better nursed than thee !

What hath saved thee ? Thou wast not
 'Gainst the arrowy winter furr'd,—
 Arm'd in scale—but all forgot
 When the frozen winds were stirr'd.
 Nature, who doth clothe the bird,
 Should have hid thee in the earth,
 Till the cuckoo's song was heard,
 And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature—deep and mystic word,
 Mighty mother, still unknown !
 Thou didst sure the Snow-drop gird
 With an armour all thine own !
 Thou, who sent'st it forth alone
 To the cold and sullen season,
 (Like a thought at random thrown,)
 Sent it thus for some grave reason !

If 'twere but to pierce the mind
 With a single gentle thought,
 Who shall deem thee harsh or blind ?
 Who that thou hast vainly wrought !
 Hoard the gentle virtue caught
 From the Snow-drop—reader wise !
 Good is good, wherever taught,
 On the ground or in the skies !

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TO THE JESSAMINE.

BY MISS JANE TAYLOR.

SWEET jessamine, long may thy elegant flower
Breathe fragrance and solace for me :
And long thy green sprigs overshadow the bowers
Devoted to friendship and thee.

The eye that was dazzled where lilies and roses
Their brilliant assemblage display'd,
With grateful delight on thy verdure reposes,
A tranquil and delicate shade.

But ah ! what dejection that foliage expresses,
Which pensively droops on her breast !
The dew of the evening has laden her tresses,
And stands like a tear on her crest.

I'll watch by thy side through the gloom of the
night
Impatient till morning appears :
No charm can awaken this heart to delight,
My jessamine, while thou art in tears.

But soon will the shadows of night be withdrawn,
Which ever in mercy are given ;
And thou shalt be cheer'd by the light of the morn,
And fann'd by the breezes of heaven.

And still may thy tranquil and delicate shade
Yield fragrance and solace to me ;
For though all the flowers in my garden should
fade,
My heart will repose upon thee.



ON A FADED VIOLET.

BY SHELLEY.

THE odour from the flower is gone
Which, like thy kisses, breathed on me ;
The colour from the flower is flown,
Which glow'd of thee, and only thee !

A shrivel'd, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandon'd breast,
And mocks the heart, which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not !
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me ;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

DAWN, GENTLE FLOWER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Dawn, gentle flower,
From the morning earth!
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wondrous birth!

Bloom, gentle flower!
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower!
All thy white leaves close;
Having shone thy beauty,
Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun!
So—all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done!

Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars so high;
Thine is all man's story,
Live—and love—and die!

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

BY COWPER.

THE nymph must lose her female friend
If more admired than she—
But where will fierce contention end,
If flowers can disagree ?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appear'd two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon redden'd into rage,
And swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower ;
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
The goddess chanced to hear ;
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.

"Yours is," she said, "the noblest hue,
And yours the statelier mien;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deem'd a queen."

Thus soothed and reconciled, both seek
The fairest British fair;
The seat of empire is her cheek,
They reign united there.



THE VIOLET.

BY SCOTT.

THE violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mirgle,
May boast herself the fairest flower,
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
No longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS

BEAR them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have honey-cells,
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds ;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird, whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree :
Oh ! too deep a love, and fain,
They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes,
Closing fast on summer skies !
Woo thou not the spirit back,
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the colour'd earth !

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves !

RS





Hush! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.
Yes! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gush'd her love,
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,
In their fragile mould she sees ;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought .

Therefore in the lily's leaf
She can read no word of grief ;
O'er the woodbine she ean dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell ! farewell !
And her dim yet speaking eye,
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain ;
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom :
So should one depart, who goes
Where no death can touch the rose .

THE NIGHT-SHADE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

TREAD aside from my starry bloom !
I am the nurse who feed the tomb
 (The tomb, my child)
 With dainties piled,
Until it grows strong as a tempest wild.

Trample not on a virgin flower !
I am the maid of the midnight hour ;
 I bear sweet sleep
 To those who weep,
And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

Tread not thou on my snaky eyes !
I am the worm that the weary prize,
 The Nile's soft asp,
 That they strive to grasp,
And one that a queen has loved to clasp !

Pity me ! I am she whom man
Hath hated since ever the world began ;
 I soothe his brain,
 In the night of pain,
But at morning he waketh—and all is vain .

THE LAY OF THE ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

“Discordance that can accord ;
And accordance to discord.”

The Romaunt of the Rose

A ROSE once pass'd within
A garden, April-green,
In her loneness, in her loneness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

A white rose, delicate,
On a tall bough and straight,
Early comer, April comer,
Never waiting for the summer ;

Whose pretty gesses did win
South winds to let her in,
In her loneness, in her loneness.
All the fairer for that oneness.

“For if I wait,” said she,
“Till times for roses be,
For the musk rose, and the moss rose,
Royal red and maiden blush rose,

“ What glory then for me,
In such a company ?
Roses plenty, roses plenty,
And one nightingale for twenty !

“ Nay, let me in,” said she,
“ Before the rest are free,
In my loneliness, in my loneliness,
All the fairer for that oneness.

“ For I would lonely stand,
Uplifting my white hand,
On a mission, on a mission,
To declare the coming vision.

“ See mine, a holy heart,
To high ends set apart,—
All unmated. all unmated,
Because so consecrated.

“ Upon which lifted sign,
What worship will be mine !
What addressing, what caressing,
What thanks, and praise and blessing !

“ A wind-like joy will rush
Through every tree and bush,
Bending softly in affection,
And spontaneous benediction.

“Insects, that only may
Live in a sunbright ray,
To my whiteness, to my whiteness
Shall be drawn, as to a brightness.

“And every moth and bee
Shall near me reverently,
Wheeling round me, wheeling o'er me
Coronals of motioned glory.

“I ween the very skies
Will look down in surprise,
When low on earth they see me,
With my cloudy aspect dreamy.

“E'en nightingales shall flee
Their woods for love of me,
Singing sadly all the suntide,
Never waiting for the moontide!

“Three larks shall leave a cloud
To my whiter beauty vow'd,
Singing gladly all the moontide,
Never waiting for the suntide.”

So praying did she win
South winds to let her in,
In her lonesness, in her lonesness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

But out, alas, for her !
No thing did minister
To her praises, to her praises,
More than might unto a daisy's.

No tree nor bush was seen
To boast a perfect green,
Scarcely having, scarcely having
One leaf broad enow for waving.

The little flies did crawl
Along the southern wall,
Faintly shifting, faintly shifting
Wings scarce strong enow for lifting.

The nightingale did please
To loiter beyond seas,
Guess him in the happy islands,
Hearing music from the silence.

The lark too high or low,
Did haply miss her so—
With his crest down in the gorses,
And his song in the star-courses ?

Only the bee, forsooth,
Came in the place of both—
Doing honour, doing honour,
To the honey-dews upon her.

The skies look'd coldly down
As on a royal crown;
Then, drop by drop, at leisure,
Began to rain for pleasure.

Whereat the earth did seem
To waken from a dream,
Winter frozen, winter frozen,
Her anguish eyes unclosing.

Said to the rose, "Ha, Snow!
And art thou fallen so?
Thou who wert enthronéd stately
Along my mountains lately.

"Holla, thou world-wide snow
And art thou wasted so?
With a little bough to catch thee
And a little bee to watch thee?"

Poor rose, to be misknown!
Would she had ne'er been blown,
In her liveness, in her liveness,
All the sadder for that oneness.

Some words she tried to say,
Some sigh—ah, well away!
But the passion did o'ercome her,
And the fair frail leaves dropp'd from her.

Dropp'd from her, fair and mute,
Close to a poet's foot,
Who beheld them, smiling lowly,
As at something sad yet holy :

Said " Verily and thus,
So chanceth e'er with us,
Poets, ringing sweetest snatches,
While deaf did men keep the watches

" Saunting to come before
Our own age evermore,
In a lonesness, in a lonesness,
And the nobler for that oneness.

" But if alone we be
Where is our empyre ?
And if none can reach our stature
Who will mate our lofty nature ?

" What bell will yield a tone
Saving in the air alone ?
If no brazen clapper bringing,
Who can bear the chiméd ringing ?

" What angel but would seem
To sensual eyes glent-dim ?
And without assimilation,
Vain is interpenetration !

“ Alas! what can we do,
The rose and poet too,
Who both antedate our mission
In an unprepared season ?

“ Drop leaf—be silent song—
Cold things we came among !
We must warm them, we must warm them,
Ere we even hope to charm them.

“ Howbeit,” here his face
Highten’d around the place,
So to mark the outward turning
Of his spirit’s inward burning.

“ Something it is to hold
In God’s worlds manifold,
First reveal’d to creatures duty,
A new form of His mild beauty.

“ Whether that form respect
The sense or intellect,
Holy rest in soul or pleasure,
The chief Beauty’s sign of presence.

“ Holy in me and thee,
Rose fallen from the tree,
Though the world stand dumb around us,
All unable to expound us.

“ Though none us deign to bless,
Blessed are we nathless ;
Blessed age and consecrated
In that, Rose, we were created !

“ Oh, shame to poet's lays,
Sung for the dole of praise—
Hoarsely sung upon the highway,
With an “ *obolum da mihi !* ”

“ Shame ! shame to poet's soul
Pining for such a dole,
When heaven-called to inherit
The high throne of his own spirit !

“ Sit still upon your thrones,
O ye poetic ones !
And if, sooth, the world decry you.
Why, let that world pass by you !

“ Ye to yourselves suffice,
Without its flatteries ;
Self-contentedly approve you
Unto Him who sits above you.

“ In prayers that upward mount,
Like to a sunned fount,
And, in gushing back upon you,
Bring the music they have won you !

“ In thanks for all the good
By poets understood—
For the sound of seraphs moving
Through the hidden depths of loving !

“ For sights of things away,
Through fissures of the clay,—
Promised things, which *shall* be given
And sung ever up in heaven !

“ For life, so lonely vain,
For death, which breaks the chain,—
For this sense of present sweetness,
And this yearning to completeness !”

EMBLEMS OF FLOWERS

BY BURNS.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring.
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild ;
Thou emblem, sa'id I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning
That wakes through the green-spreading grove
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.



THE ORANGE-BOUGH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! bring me one sweet Orange-bough,
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow;
One bough, with pearly blossoms drest,
And bind it, Mother! on my breast!

Go seek the grove along the shore,
Whose odours I must breathe no more,
The grove where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer
And wild farewell, are lingering there,
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone,
My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed
Life's parting sweetness round my head,
And bind it, Mother! on my breast
When I am laid in lonely rest.

TO THE NARCISSUS

BY BEN JONSON.

ARISE, and speak thy sorrows, Echo, rise ;
 Here, by this fountain, where thy love did pine,
 Whose memory lives fresh to vulgar fame,
 Shrined in this yellow flower, that bears his name,

ECHO.

His name revives, and lifts me up from earth ;—
 See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs
 weep yet
 Th' untimely fate of that too beauteous boy,
 That trophy of self-love, and spoil of nature,
 Who (now transform'd into this drooping flower)
 Hangs the repentant head back from the stream ;
 As if it wish'd—would I had never look'd
 In such a flattering mirror ! O, Narcissus !
 Thou that wast once (and yet art) my Narcissus,
 Had Echo but been private with thy thoughts,
 She would have dropt away herself in tears,
 Till she had all turn'd waste, that in her
 (As in a true glass) thou mightst have gazed,
 And seen thy beauties by more kind reflection,
 But self-love never yet could look on truth,
 But with blear'd beams ; slick flattery and she
 Are twin-born sisters, and do mix their eyes,
 As if you sever one, the other dies.

Why did the gods give thee a heavenly form
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it ?
Why do I ask ? 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence.
Oh hadst thou known the worth of Heaven's rich
gift,
Thou wouldst have turn'd it to a truer use,
And not (with starved and covetous ignorance)
Pined in continual eyeing that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had been more
Than to thy famish'd mind the wide world's store.

THE HAREBELL.

BY SCOTT.

“ For me,”—she stoop'd, and looking round,
Pluck'd a blue harebell from the ground,—
“ For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be ;
It drinks heaven's dew, blithe as the rose
'That in the king's own garden grows ;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair.”

SWEET LAVENDER.

BY MISS STRICKLAND.

SWEET lavender! I love thy flower
Of meek and modest blue,
Which meets the morn and evening hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen,
In simple touching grace;
And in the garden of the queen,
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,
Thou also hast a place.

The rose, with bright and peerless bloom,
Attracted many eyes;
But while her glories and perfume
Expire before brief summer's doom,
Thy fragrance never dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train
Our adverse fates estrange;
Who, in the day of grief and pain,
Are found deceitful, light, and vain,
For thou dost never change.



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But thou art emblem of the friend,
Who, whatsoe'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend
And, true and constant to the end,
May die, but alters not.

THE HALF-BLOWN ROSE.

BY DANIEL.

Look, now, now we esteem the half-blown rose
The image of thy blush and summer's honour
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glories to the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to
decline ;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair ;
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.
No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now ;
Swift, speedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow :
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain.
But love now whilst thou mayst be loved again.

TO THE DAISY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

In youth from rock to rock I went
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And nature's love of thee partake,
Her much-loved daisy!

Thee winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few gray hairs
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs;
That she may sun thee;
Whole summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy wight
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrus choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head imperling;

Thou livest with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy flame ;
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains we fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare ;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couch'd an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension ;
Some steady love ; some brief delight ;
Some memory that had taken flight ;
Some chime or fancy wrong or right ;
Or strong invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn
I drink out of an humble urn
A lowlier pleasure ;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds ;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh smitten by thy morning ray,
 When thou art up, alert and gay,
 Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
 With kindred gladness:
 And when, at dusk, by dews opprest,
 Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
 Hath often eased my pensive breast
 Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
 All seasons through, another debt,
 Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing;
 An instinct call it, a blind sense—
 A happy, genial influence,
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
 Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run
 Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun,
 As ready to salute the sun
 As lark or leveret,
 Thy long-lost praise* thou shalt regain;
 Nor be less dear to future men
 Than in old time;—thou not in vain
 Art nature's favourite.

* See, in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours
 formerly paid to this flower.

LOVE'S WREATH.

BY MOORE.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round
Among flowers the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead from the trees hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath;
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up
there,
Love knew it and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love did not know—and at his weak years,
What urchin was likely to know?—
That sorrow had made of her own salt tears,
That fountain which murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath, but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do;
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day;
And though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the fountain o' tears.

TO A CROCUS.*

BY BERNARD BARTON.

WELCOME, wild harbinger of spring !
 To this small nook of earth ;
 Feeling and fancy fondly cling
 Round thoughts which owe their birth
 To thee, and to the humble spot
 Where chance has fix'd thy lowly lot.

To thee,—for thy rich golden bloom,
 Like heaven's fair bow on high,
 Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
 That brighter hours draw nigh,
 When blossoms of more varied dyes
 Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily, nor the rose,
 Though fairer far they be,
 Can more delightful thoughts disclose
 Than I derive from thee :
 The eye their beauty may prefer ;
 The heart is thy interpreter !

Methinks in hy fair flower is seen,
 By those whose fancies roam,

* G. . wing up and blossoming beneath a wall flower.

An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

'That leaf betoken'd freedom nigh
To mournful captives there ;
Thy flower foretells a sunnier sky,
And chides the dark despair
By winter's chilling influence flung
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind nature's hand
Assign'd thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand,
With fond congenial grace
On many a desolated pile,
Bright'ning decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of Hope, whose hue
Is bright with coming joy ;
The wall-flower's that of faith, too true
For ruin to destroy ;
And where, O ! where should hope upspring
But under faith's protecting wing.

ARRANGEMENTS OF A BOUQUET.

BY NICHOLAS DRAYTON.

Here damask roses, white and red,
Out of my lap first take I,
Which still shall run along the thread
My chiefest flower this make I.

Amongst these roses in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
These double pansies then for show,
And will not this be dainty?

The pretty pansy then I'll tie
Like stones some chain inchasing;
And next to them, their near ally,
The purple violet placing.

The curious choice clove July flower,
Whose kind hight the carnation,
For sweetness of most sovereign power.
Shall help my wreath to fashion,

Whose sundry colours of one kind,
First from one root derived,
Them in their several suits I'll bind:
My garland so contr.ved.

A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
And here and there (though sparely)
The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,
Like pearls that will show rarely ;

Then with these marigolds I'll make
My garland somewhat swelling,
These honcysuckles then I'll take,
Whose sweets shall help their smelling.

The lily and the fleur-de-lis,
For colour much contending,
For that I them do only prize,
They are but poor in scenting ;

The daffodil most dainty is,
To match with these in meetness ;
The columbine compared to this,
All much alike for sweetness.

These in their natures only are
Fit to emboss the border,
Therefore I'll take especial care
To place them in their order :

Sweet-williams, champions, sops-in-wine,
One by another neatly :
Thus have I made this wreath of mine,
And finished it featly

ON PLANTING A TULIP-ROOT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Here lies a bulb the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod,
Ere long to spring, by second birth,
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power
Might through his swaddling folds descry
The infant image of the flower,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This vernal suns and rain will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep,
Like Venus rising from her shell,
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep

Two shapely leaves will first unfold ;
Then, on a smooth, elastic stem,
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race
A form more perfect can display !
Art could not feign more simple grace,
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn, of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike
The Tulip's petals shine in dew
All beautiful, but none alike.



TO BLOSSOMS.

BY HERRICK.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay here yet awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But ye are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

A COMPARISON.

BY J. H. WIFFEN.

—As yon flower, with hyacinthine bells,
 Playful as light, which shiver'd by my tread,
 Is turn'd to dust and darkness—to all else
 It is as though it was not; swiftly sped
 Spoil o'er its bruised buds which blossomed
 A blending of all sweetness—what now?
 A few years hence, and over this bent head,
 Dashing all life and gladness from the brow,
 The scythe of Time shall pass, and Ruin's silen
 plough.

But the Spring,
 Fair as Aurora in her purple cloud,
 Descends and wakens in their slumbering,
 Life from the ashes, beauty from the shroud,
 And speaks of immortality aloud
 To mourning man; and thus the flower I trod
 To its maternal dust shall issue proud
 Of its new birth, and on a greener sod
 Bow to the del ying winds--a sign to man from
 God,

THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

Aske me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year ;
Aske me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are washt with teares

Aske me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green and sickly too ;
Aske me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break ;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.



THE HOLLY.

BY SOUTHEY.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree ?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise.
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen ;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound,
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

NARCISSUS.

BY GRAY.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
 And viewed his image in the crystal flood ;
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleased image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his inexperienced breast subdued,
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursued.
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires,
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he
 grieves :

His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves :
 Through his pale veins greensap now gently flows
 And in a short-lived flower his beauty blows.
 Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast
 'That beauty's but a transient good at best ;
 Like flowers, it withers with th' advancing year,
 And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.

ANACREON TO THE ROSE.

WHILE we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent Rose! to thee we'll sing,
Resplendent Rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers,
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye,
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The Rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid floweret thence,
And wipe, with tender hand, away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh, there is nought in nature bright,
Where Roses do not shed their light!

Where morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes!
And when, at length, with pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
O, whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung:—
When humid from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared in flushing hues,
Mellowed by Ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance!
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung with blushing tinctures dress'd,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth.
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

POLYANTHUS



Confidence

Be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee

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DECISION OF THE FLOWER.

BY L. E. LANDON.

AND with scarlet poppies, around like a bower,
The maiden found her mystic flower.
"Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well:
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue,
Now I number the leaves for my lot—
He loves not—he loves me—he loves me not—
He loves me—yes, thou last leaf, yes—
I'll pluck thee not for the last sweet guess!
He loves me!"—"Yes," a dear voice sigh'd
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

THE SNOW-DROP.

BY MARY ROBINSON.

THE snowdrop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life, bedew'd with tears,
And flings around its fragrance mild;
And, where no rival flowerets bloom,
Amidst the bare and chilling gloom,
A beauteous gem appears.

All weak and wan with head inclined,
Its parent breast the drifted snow,
It trembles, while the ruthless wind
Bends its slim form; the tempest lowers,
Its emerald eye drops crystal showers
On its cold bed below.

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
Thou still art sweet and dear to me '
For I have known the cheerless hour,
Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
And wept and shrunk, like thee !

◆

DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as ye,
We have as fleet a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or any thing ;
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

THE SHEPHERD TO THE FLOWERS.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SWEET violets, love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you, couched, bear
Within your paly faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing
wind,
That plays amidst the plain !
If, by the favour of propitious stars, you gain,
Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,
Be proud to touch those places :
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth
wear,
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,

You, honours of the flowry meads, I pray,
 You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,
 With mild and seemly breathing straight display
 My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone !

HEART'S-EASE.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

I SAW,

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal throned in the west.
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it Love in Idleness.
 The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
 Will make a man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.

THE SCARLET GERANIUM.

I WILL not sing the mossy rose,
The jasmine sweet, or lily fair,
The tints the rich carnation shows,
The stock's sweet scent that fills the air.

Full many a bard has sung their praise
In metres smooth, and polished line;
A simple flower and humbler lays
May best befit a pen like mine.

There is a small but lovely flower,
With crimson star and calyx brown,
On pathway side, beneath the bower,
By Nature's hand profusely strown.

Inquire you when this floweret springs?—
When Nature wakes to mirth and love,
When all her fragrance summer flings,
When latest autumn chills the grove.

Like the sweet bird whose name it bears,
'Midst falling leaves and fading flowers,
The passing traveller it cheers,
In shorten'd days and darksome hours.

And, should you ask me where it blows
I answer, on the mountains bare,
High on the tufted rock it grows,
In lonely glens or meadows fair.

It blooms amidst those flowery dales
Where winding Aire pursues its course:
It smiles upon the craggy fells
That rise around its lofty source.

There are its rosy petals shown,
'Midst curious forms and mosses rare,
Imbedded in the dark gray stone,
When not another flower is there.

Oh! emblem of that steadfast mind
Which, through the varying scenes of life,
By genuine piety refined,
Holds on its way 'midst noise and strife.

Though dark the impending tempest lower,
The path of beauty it espies,
Calm 'midst the whirlwind and the shower,
Thankful when brighter hours arise.

Oh! could our darken'd minds discern
In thy sweet form this lesson plain,
Could we it practically learn,
Herb Robert would not bloom in vain.

THE HELIOTROPE.

THERE is a flower, whose modest eye
Is turn'd with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled ;
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour ?
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower.

ARMOUR OF THE ROSE.

YOUNG Love, rambling through the wood,
Found me in my solitude,
Bright with dew and freshly blown,
And trembling to the Zephyr's sighs ;
But as he stoop'd to gaze upon
The living gem with raptured eyes,
It chanced a bee was busy there,
Searching for its fragrant fare ;

And, Cupid, stooping too, to sip,
 The angry insect stung his lip :
 And, gushing from the ambrosial cell,
 One bright drop on my bosom fell.
 Weeping, to his mother he
 Told the tale of treachery,
 And she her vengeful boy to please,
 Strung his bow with captive bees,
 But placed upon my slender stem
 The poisoned sting she plucked from them :
 And none since that eventful morn
 Have found the flower without a thorn.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Nor on the mountain's shelving side,
 Nor in the cultivated ground,
 Nor in the garden's painted pride,
 The flower I seek is found.

Where Time on sorrow's page of gloom
 Has fix'd its envious lot,
 Or swept the record from the tomb,
 It says, Forget-me-not.

And this is still the loveliest flower,
 The fairest of the fair,
 Of all that deck my lady's bower,
 Or bind her floating hair.

FIELD LEAVES.

BY ELIZABETH OAK SMITH.

THE tender violets bent in smiles
To the elves that sported nigh,
Tossing the drops of fragrant dew
To scent the evening sky.

They kiss'd the rose in love and mirth,
And its petals fairer grew ;
A snow of pearly dust they brought
And over the lily threw.

I saw one dainty creature crown
The tulip's painted cup,
And bless with one soft kiss the urn,
Then fold its petals up.

A finger rock'd the young bird's nest,
As high on a branch it hung,
While the gleaming night dew rattled down
Where the old dry leaf was flung.

ON THE INDIAN-JASMINE FLOWER.

BY RYAN.

How lovelily the jasmine flower
Blooms far from man's observing eyes ;
And having lived its little hour,
There withers,—there sequester'd dies !

Though faded, yet 'tis not forgot ;
A rich perfume, time cannot sever,
Lingers in that unfriended spot,
And decks the jasmine's grave for ever.

Thus, thus should man, who seeks to soar
On learning's wings to fame's bright sky,
Far from his fellows seek that lore,
Unheeded live, sequester'd die.

Thus, like the jasmine, when he's fled,
Fame's rich perfume will ever keep,
Ling'ring around the faded dead,
As saints that watch some infant's sleep.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet levest to open, meekly bold.
To evening hues of sober gray,
Thy cup of paly gold ;

Be thine the offering, owing long,
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of the brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve
Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light ;
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love, at such an hour, to mark,
Their beauty greet the light breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

F'or such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade
In friendship's animating smile,
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears ;

But still more animating far,
If meek religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star
The holier hope of grace !

The hope that, as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth mercy's ray.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE

BY H. K. WHITE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the wind.

Thee, when young Spring first question'd
Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight—
Thee on this bank he threw,
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

THE ROSE BUD.

BY KEBLE.

WHEN nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Nor soil'd by ruder breath?

Whoever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first, soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair,—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
'Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blush'd on the rosy spray—
A brighter star, a richer bloom,
'Than e'er did western heaven illumine
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven;
Love gentle, holy, pure :
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse rude earth :
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon her sacred trance
Who boasts a heavenly birth ?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least known its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er his woes,
The Son of God, by moonlight rose,
By all but heaven unseen :

As when the Holy Maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord :
Thought has not colours half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best adored.

The gracious dove, that brought from heave
The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
Old Israel's long-lost Son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He call'd his conscious brethren near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasures of delight ?

No—let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her, in her own soft noon,
To flourish and abide.



Infidelity

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THE GARLAND.

BY PRIOR.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, the lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath

The flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :
That falling tear—what does it mean ?

She sigh'd : she smiled : and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said—
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty, are but one :
At morn both flourish bright and gay ;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
The amorous youth around her bow'd :
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow ;
Go, Damon, bid the Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

THE FIELD-FLOWER.

BY MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year;
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Stays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms in consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plair
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

BY KEBLE.

THOU first-born of the years' delight,
Pride of the dewy glade,
In vernal green and virgin white,
Thy vestal robes, array'd :

'Tis not because thy drooping form
Sinks grateful on its nest,
When chilly shades from gathering storms
Affright thy tender breast ;

Nor from yon river islet wild
Beneath the willow spray,
Where, like the ringlets of a child,
Thou wear'st thy circle gay ;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear,—
Thy shy averted smiles
To fancy bode a joyous year,
One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
And cheer the ungenial day,
And tell us all will glisten soon
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart that loves the spring,
Their witness can refuse ?
Yet mortals doubt, when angels bring
From heaven their Easter news :

When holy maids and matrons speak
Of Christ's forsaken bed,
And voices, that forbid to seek
The living 'mid the dead ;

And when they say, " Turn, wandering hear
" Thy Lord is risen indeed,
Let pleasure go, put care apart,
And to his presence speed ;"

We smile in scorn : and yet we know
They early sought the tomb,
Their hearts that now so freshly glow,
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,
Wear not so bright a glance :
They who have won their earthly mind,
Less reverently advance.

But where, in gentle spirits, fear
And joy so duly meet,
These sure have seen the angels near,
And kiss'd the Sav'our's feet.

NO let the pastor's thankful eye
Their faltering tale disdain,
As on their lowly couch they lie,
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts
From thee would start aloof,
Where patience her sweet skill imparts
Beneath some cottage roof:

Revive our dying fires to burn
High as her anthems soar,
And of our scholars let us learn
Our own forgotten lore.



COWSLIPS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

NAY, tell me not of Austral flowers,
Or purple bells from Persia's bowers,
The cowslip of this land of ours,
Is dearer far to me!
This flower in other years I knew!
I know the field wherein it grew,
With violets white and violets blue,
Beneath the garden tree.

I never see these flowers but they
 Send back my memory, far away,
 To years long past, and many a day
 Else perish'd long ago!

They bring my childhood's years again—
 Our garden-fence, I see it plain,
 With ficaries like a golden rain
 Shower'd on the earth below.

A happy child, I leap, I run,
 And memories come back, one by one,
 Like swallows with the summer sun,
 To their old haunts of joy!

A happy child, once more I stand,
 With my kind sister, hand in hand,
 And hear those tones, so sweet, so bland,
 That never brought annoy!

I hear again my mother's wheel,
 Her hand upon my head I feel;
 Her kiss, which every grief could heal,
 Is on my cheek even now;

I see the dial overhead;
 I see the porch o'er which was led,
 The pyracantha green and red,
 And jessamine's slender bough.

I see the garden-thicket's shade,
 Where all the summer long we play'd,
 And gardens set, and houses made,
 Our early work and late;

Our little gardens, side by side,
Each border'd round with London pride
Some six feet long, and three feet wide,
To us a large estate !

The apple and the damson trees,
The cottage shelter for our bees ;
I see them—and beyond all these,
A something dearer still ;
I see an eye serenely blue,
A cheek of girlhood's freshest hue,
A buoyant heart, a spirit true,
Alike in good and ill.

Sweet sister, thou wert all to me,
And I sufficient friend for thee :
Where was a happier twain than we
Who had no mate beside ?
Like wayside flowers in merry May,
Our pleasures round about us lay ;
A joyful morn'g had our day,
Whate'er our eve betide !

HEART'S-EASE.

BY MRS. SHERIDAN.

• In gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,
By vulgar eyes unnoticed and unseen ;
In sweet serenity it humbly blows,
And rears its purple head to deck the green.

This flower, as nature's poet sweetly sings,
Was once milk-white, and heart's ease was its
name,
Till wanton Cupid poised its roseate wings,
A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous aim the god his arrow drew,
Which she with icy coldness did repel
Rebounding thence with feativry speed it flew,
Till on this lonely flower, at last, it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd
found ;
No more the nymphs its snowy form possess ;
Its white now changed to purple by love's wound,
Heart's-ease no more,—'tis love-in-idleness.

TO THE SWEET-BRIER.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

OUR sweet autumnal western-scented wind
Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that sweet-brier yields it ; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely ; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway ; by the poor man's
door.

Such are the simple folks it dwells among ;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouch'd stand
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate ;
Its sweetness all is of my native land ;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Bring from the odours of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants, and will you
hate

The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest ?

MOTHER'S DIRGE OVER HER CHILD

BY D. M. MOIR.

BRING me flowers all young and sweet,
That I may strew the winding-sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,
With roseless cheek and auburn hair.

Bring me the rosemary, whose breath
Perfumed the wild and desert heath ;
The lily of the vale, which too,
In silence and in beauty grew.

Bring cypress from some sunless spot,
Bring me the blue forget-me-not ;
That I may strew them o'er thy bier,
With long-drawn sigh and gushing tear.

Oh, what upon this earth doth prove
So steadfast as a mother's love !
Oh, what on earth can bring relief
Or solace to a mother's grief !

No more my baby shalt thou lie,
With drowsy smiles and half-shut eye,
Pillow'd upon my fostering breast,
Serenely sinking into rest !

Thy grave must be thy cradle now ;
The wild flowers o'er thy breast shall glow,
While still my heart, all full of thee,
In widow'd solitude shall be.

No taint of earth, no thought of sin,
E'er dwelt thy stainless breast within,
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea! from mine arms thy soul hath flown
Above, and found the heavenly throne,
To join that blest angelic ring,
That aye around the altar sing.

I thought, when years had roll'd away,
That thou wouldst be my age's stay ;
And often have I dream'd to see
The boy—the youth—the man in thee !

But thou hast past ! for ever gone,
To leave me childless and alone,
Like Rachel frowning tear on tear.
And looking not for comfort here !

Farewell, my child, the dews shall fall,
At noon and evening, o'er thy pall ;
And daisies, when the vernal year
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,
 And lark delight to fold his wing ;
 And roses pale, and lilies fair,
 With perfume load the summer air !

Adieu, my babe ! if life were long,
 This would be even a heavier song ;
 But years, like phantoms, quickly pass,
 They look to us from memory's glass.

Soon on death's couch shall I recline ;
 Soon shall my head be laid with thine ;
 And sunder'd spirits meet above,
 To live for evermore in love.



THE ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM CAMOENS

Just like love is yonder rose :—
 Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
 Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
 And in the midst of briars it blows ;

Just like Love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
 Since rough thorns the stem invest,
 They must be gather'd with the rest,
 And with it to the heart be prest ;

Just like Love.

And when the rude hands the twin buds sever
 They die, and they shall blossom never ;
 Yet the thorns be sharp as ever ;
 Just like Love.

“GO TO THE FOREST SHADE.”

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Go to the forest shade—
 Seek thou the well known glade,
 Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,
 Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
 Like dark eyes fill'd with sleep,
 And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky

Bring me their buds, to shed
 Around my dying bed
 A breath of May, and of the wood's repose ;
 For I in sooth depart
 With a reluctant heart,
 That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee—
 Alas ! this may not be ;
 Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours !
 Go where the fountain's breast
 Catches, in glassy rest,
 The dim green light that pours through laurel
 flowers.

I know how softly bright,
Steep'd in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there e'en now ;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my fever'd brow !

Then, as in hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden to its grassy mound ;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.

Well knowest thou that fair tree—
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honey'd lime above ;
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering shower—
For on that spot we first reveal'd our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then, from the lattice low
Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee mark,
When by the hamlet last,
Through dim wood-lanes we pass'd,
While dews were glancing to the glow-worm's
spark.

Haste! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair,
Thy hand no more may bind them up at eve—
Yet shall their odour soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave!

And, oh! if thou wouldst ask
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace,
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh! break not thou the spell!)
In the deep wood and by the fountain side;
Thou must not, my beloved!
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died!

TO A JASMINE-TREE

GROWING IN THE COURT OF HAWORTH CASTLE.

BY LORD MORPETH.

My slight and slender jasmine-tree,
That bloomest on my Border tower,
Thou art more dearly loved by me,
Than all the wealth of fairy bower.
I ask not, while I near thee dwell,
Arabia's spice or Syria's rose ;
Thy bright festoons more freshly smell,
Thy virgin white more freshly glows.
My mild and winsome jasmine-tree,
That climbest up the dark gray-wal'.
Thy tiny flowerets seem in glee,
Like silver spray-drops down to fall :
Say, did they from their leaves thus peep,
When mail'd moss-troopers rode the hill,
When helmed wardens paced the keep,
And bugles blew for Belted Will ?
My free and feathery jasmine-tree,
Within the fragrance of thy breath,
Yon dungeon grated to its key,
And the chain'd captive pined for death.
On Border fray, on feudal crime,
I dream not while I gaze on thee ;
The chieftains of that stern old time
Could ne'er have loved a jasmine-tree.

APRIL FLOWERS.

BY BISHOP MANT.

NOR, April, fail with scent and hue,
To grace the lowlier blossoms new.
Not only that, where weak and scant
Peep'd forth the early primrose plant,
Now shine profuse unnumber'd eyes,
Like stars that stud the wintry skies ;
But that its sister cowslip's nigh,
With no unfriendly rivalry
Of form and tint, and fragrant smells,
O'er the green fields their yellow bells
Unfold, bedropt with tawny red,
And meekly bend the drooping head
Not only that the fringed edge
Of heath, or bank, or pathway hedge,
Glow with the furze's golden bloom ;
But mingling now, the verdant broom
With flowers of rival lustre deck'd,
Uplifts its shapelier form erect.

And there upon the sod below,
Ground-ivy's purple blossoms show,
Like helmet of crusader knight,
Its anthers' crosslike forms of white ;
And lesser periwinkle's bloom,
Like carpet of Damascus' loom,

Pranks with bright blue the tissue wove
Of verdant foliage ; and above,
With milk-white flowers, whence soon shall swell
Rich fruitage, to the taste and smell
Pleasant alike, the strawberry weaves
Its coronets of three-fold leaves,
In mazes through the sloping wood.
Nor wants there in her dreamy mood,
What fancy's sportiveness may think
A cup, whence midnight elves might drink
Delicious drops of nectar'd dew,
While they their fairy sports pursue,
And roundelays by fount or rill—
The streak'd and chequer'd daffodil.

Nor wants there many a flower beside.
On holt, and hill, and meadow pied ;
With pale green gloom the upright box,
And woodland crowfoot's golden locks ;
And yellow cinquefoil's hairy trail ;
And saxifrage with petal pale ;
And purpie bilberry's globelike head ;
And cranberry's bells of rosy red ;
And creeping groundsel blue and bright ;
And cranesbill's streaks of red and white,
On purple with soft leaves of down,
And golden tulip's turban'd crown,
Sweet scented on its bending stem ;
And bright-eyed star of Bethlenem ;
With those, the firstlings of their kind,
Which through the bosky thickets wind

Their tendrils, vetch, or pea, or tare,
At random; and with many a pair
Of leaflets green the brake embower,
And many a pendant-painted flower.

FLOWERS.

BY ELIZABETH OAK SMITH.

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left
How were the earth of glory shorn
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine heights,
The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild with heat and sand,
Share too their blessedness;
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer!

THE ORCHIS.

BY SNOW.

SEE, Delia, see this image bright,
Why starts my fair one at the sight ?
It mounts not on offensive wing,
Nor threats thy breast with angry sting ;
Admire, as close the insect lies,
Its thin-wrought plume and honey'd thighs ;
Whilst on this floweret's velvet breast,
It seems as though 'twere lull'd to rest,
Nor might its fairy wings unfold,
Enchain'd in aromatic gold.
Think not to set the captive free,
'Tis but the picture of a bee.

Yet wonder not that nature's power,
Should paint an insect in a flower,
And stoop to means that bear in part
Resemblance to imperfect art.
Nature, who could that form inspire
With strength and swiftness, life and fire,
And bid it search each spicv vale,
Where flowers their fragrant souls exhale ;
And labouring for the parent hive,
With murmurs make the wild alive.
For when in Parian stone we trace
Some best remember'd form or face ;

Or see on radiant canvass rise
An imitative paradise ;
And feel the warm affections glow,
Pleased at the pencil's mimic show ;
'Tis but obedience to the plan
From nature's birth opposed to man,
Who, lest her choicest sweets in vain
Should blossom for our thankless train ;
Lest beauty pass unheeded by,
Like cloud upon the summer sky ;
Lest memory of the brave and just,
Should sleep with them confined to dust ;
With leading hand the expedient proves,
And paints for us the form she loves.

THE DAISY IN INDIA

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THRICE welcome, little English flower !
Thy mother country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour
Never to me such beauty spread :
Transplanted from thy island bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead
Thy embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower .
Whose tribes beneath our native skies
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower ,
But when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower .
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant-offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year ;
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,

Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be ;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee
Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand ;
O for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where daisies, thick as star-light, stand
In every walk !—that here might shoot,
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root !

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
To me the pledge of hope unseen :
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green—
I saw thee waking from the dust ;
Then turn to heaven, with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

BY WORDSWORTH.

A rock there is whose lonely front
 The passing traveller slights ;
 Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
 Like stars, at various heights ;
 And one coy primrose to that rock
 The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged
 What kingdoms overthrown,
 Since first I spied that primrose tuft,
 And mark'd it for my own !
 A lasting link in nature's chain
 From highest heaven let down.

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
 Their fellowship renew ;
 The stems are faithful to the root,
 That worketh out of view ;
 And to the rock the root adheres,
 In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
 Though threatening still to fall ;
 The earth is constant to her sphere,
 And God upholds them all :

So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

Here closed the meditative strain ;
But air breathed soft that day,
The hoary mountain heights were cheer'd,
The sunny vale look'd gay ;
And to the primrose of the rock
I gave this after lay.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,
Like thee, in field and grove,
Revive unenvied ;—mightier far,
Than tremblings that reprove
Our vernal tendencies to hope,
Is God's redeeming love ;

That love which changed—for wan disease,
For sorrow that had bent,
O'er hopeless dust, for wither'd age—
Their moral element,
And turn'd the thistles of a curse
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasoning sons of men,
From our oblivious winter call'd,
Shall rise and breathe again ;
And in eternal summer lose
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
 This prescience from on high,
 The faith that elevates the just,
 Before and when they die ;
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,
 A court for Deity.

THE ROSE.

BY SPENSER.

AH! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems the less ye see her way !
 Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
 Lo! see soon after, how she fades away and falls.

INFANT SLUMBER.

A HOLY smile was on her lip,
 Whenever sleep was there,
She slept, as sleeps the blossom, 'nush'd
Amid the silent air.—E. OAK SMITH.

THE VIOLET.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

WHY better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower ?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The violet has my love ;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove.

My garden was the window-seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase—the fair, the sweet—
It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride ;—
How I did watch its growth .
For health and bloom what plans I tried
And often injured both !

I placed it in the summer shower,
I placed it in the sun ;
And ever at the evening hour,
My work seem'd half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew
How slow they seem'd to be !
At last there came a tinge of blue,
'Twas worth the world to me !

At length the perfume fill'd the room,
Shed from their purple wreath ;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gather'd two or three—they seem'd
Such rich gifts to bestow !
So precious in my sight, I deem'd
That all must think them so.

Ah ! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more ;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before ?

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown ;
It is no more of flowers ;
Their bloom is pass'd, their breath is flown ;
Yet I recall those hours.

Let nature spread her lovliest,
By spring or summer nurst :
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first.

FIELD FLOWERS.

BY CAMPBELI

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy del-
light,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my
sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing
streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine re-
mote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon s
note
Made music that sweeten'd the caim.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to
find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my
mind,
And your blossoms we're part of the spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes !
What loved little islands, twice seen in their
lakes,

Can the wild water-lily restore !
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy
brooks,

In the vetches that tangled their shore !

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were
dear,

Ere the fever of passion, or ague, of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;

Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless
stage,

With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

IN EASTERN LANDS.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

IN Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn ;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven ;
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that daily shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot,
And faith that a thousand ills can brave
Speaks in thy blue leaves—forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

SEE the honeysuckle twine
Round this casement:—'tis a shrine
Where the heart doth incense give,
And the pure affections live
In the mother's gentle breast
By her smiling infant press'd.

Blessed shrine! dear, blissful home!
Source whence happiness doth come!
Round by the cheerful hearth we meet
All things beauteous—all things sweet
Every solace of man's life,
Mother, daughter,—sister,—wife!

England, isle of free and brave,
Circled by the Atlantic wave!
Though we seek the fairest land
That the south wind ever fann'd,
Yet we cannot hope to see
Homes so holy as in thee.

As the tortoise turns its head
Towards its native ocean-bed,
Howsoever far it be
From its own beloved sea,
Thus, dear Albion, evermore
Do we turn to seek thy shore!

TO A SNOW-DROP.

BY LANGHORNE.

POETS still, in graceful numbers,
May the glowing roses choose ;
But the snow-drop's simple beauty
Better suits an humble muse.

Earliest bud that decks the garden,
Fairest of the fragrant race,
First-born child of vernal Flora,
Seeking mild thy lowly place ;

Though no warm or murmuring zephyr
Fan thy leaves with balmy wing,
Pleased we hail thee, spotless blossom,
Herald of the infant spring.

Through the cold and cheerless season
Soft thy tender form expands,
Safe in un aspiring graces,
Foremost of the blooming bands.

White-robed flower, in lonely beauty,
Rising from a wintry bed ;
Chilling winds, and blasts ungenial,
Rudely threat'ning round thy head.

Silv'ry bud, thy pensile foliage
Seems the angry blasts to fear ;
Yet secure, thy tender texture
Ornaments the rising year.

No warm tints, or vivid colouring,
Paint thy bells with gaudy pride ;
Mildly charm'd we seek thy fragrance,
Where no thorns insidious hide.

'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty,
To attract the roving sight ;
Nature from her varied wardrobe,
Chose thy vest of purest white.

White as falls the fleecy shower,
Thy soft form in sweetness grows ;
Not more fair the valley's treasure,
Not more sweet her lily blows.

Drooping harbinger of Flora,
Simply are thy blossoms drest ;
Artless as the gentle virtues
Mansion'd in the blameless breast.

When to pure and timid virtue
Friendship twines a votive wreath,
O'er the fair selected garland
Thou thy perfume soft shalt breathe.

TO THE PASSION-FLOWER.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

If Superstition's baneful art
First gave thy mystic name,
Reason, I trust, would steel my heart
Against its groundless claim ;

But if, in fancy's pensive hour,
By grateful feelings stirr'd,
Her fond imaginative power
That name at first conferr'd—

Though lightly truth her flights may prize,
By wild vagary driven,
For once their blameless exercise
May surely be forgiven.

We roam the seas—give new-found isles
Some king's or conqueror's name :
We rear on earth triumphant piles
As meeds of earthly fame :—

We soar to heaven ; and to outlive
Our life's contracted span,
Unto the glorious stars we give
The names of mortal man :

Then may not one poor floweret's bloom
The holier memory share
Of Him, who, to avert our doom,
Vouchsafed our sins to bear ?

God dwelleth not in temples rear'd
By work of human hands,
Yet shrines august, by men revered
Are found in Christian lands.

And may not e'en a simple flower
Proclaim His glorious praise,
Whose fiat, only, had the power
Its form from earth to raise ?

Then freely let thy blossom ope
Its beauties—to recall
A scene which bids the humble hope
In Him who died for all !

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY BISHOP MANT.

FAIR flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes, on bank, or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale!

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He show'd to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem of the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care?

Not this, I trow; for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those children of the East:
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parch'd Esdrela's plain,
And Tabor's oak-girt crest,

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
Their brilliant disks unfold;

Fit symbol of imperial state,
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnish'd gold.

But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handy work,
Our western valleys' humbler child,
Where, in green nook of woodland wild,
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine,
Yet born to bloom and fade,
Thee to a lovelier robe arrays,
Than, e'en in Israel's brightest days,
Her wealthiest kings array'd.

Of thy twin-leaves the erabower'd screen,
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green;
Thy Eden-breathing smell;
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendent many a pearly gem,
Displays a milk-white bell;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
And berries scarlet red;

The triple cell, the two-fold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow ;

Who forms thee thus, with unseen hand ?
Who at creation gave command,
And will'd thee thus to be ;
And keeps thee still in being, through
Age after age revolving ! Who
But the great God is he ?

Omnipotent, to work his will ;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assign'd ;
Still provident, with sleepless care,
To keep ; to make thee sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment—kind !

“ There is no God,” the senseless say :—
“ O God ! why cast'st thou us away ?”
Of feeble faith and frail,
The mourner breathes his anxious thought ;
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale !

Yes, He who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine ;

Nor deems she, that his guardian care
 Will He in man's support forbear,
 Who thus provides for thine.

—◆—

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE the *Rose* unveils
 Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
 O' the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
 But first of all the *Violet*, with an eye
 Blue as the midnight heavens; the frail *Snow-drop*,
 Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
 Fix'd like a pale and solitary star;
 The languid *Hyacinth* and pale *Primrose*,
 And *Daisy* trodden down like modesty;
 The *Foxglove*, in whose drooping bells the bee
 Makes her sweet music; the *Narcissus*, (named
 From him who died for love,) the tangled *Wood-*
bine,
Lilacs, and flowering *Limes*, and scented *Thorns*,
 And some from the voluptuous winds of June
 Catch their perfumings.

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nd
perish.

u-drop,
row

bee
amed
Wood.

horns,
ine

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PART FIRST.

Abecedary	<i>Volubility.</i>
Abatina	<i>Fickleness.</i>
Acacia	<i>Friendship.</i>
Acacia, Rose or White.	<i>Elegance.</i>
Acacia, Yellow.....	<i>Secret love.</i>
Acanthus.....	<i>The fine arts. Artifice.</i>
Acalia	<i>Temperance.</i>
Achillea Millefolia	<i>War.</i>
Achimenes Cupreata...	<i>Such worth is rare.</i>
Aconite (Wolfsbane)...	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Aconite, Crowfoot.....	<i>Lustre</i>
Adonis, Flos.....	<i>Sad memories.</i>
African Marigold.....	<i>Vulgar minds.</i>
Agnus Castus.....	<i>Coldness, Indifference.</i>
Agrimony	<i>Thankfulness. Gratitude.</i>
Almond (Common).....	<i>Stupidity. Indiscretion.</i>
Almond (Flowering)...	<i>Hope.</i>
Almond, Laurel.....	<i>Perfidy.</i>
Allspice	<i>Compassion.</i>
Aloe.....	<i>Grief. Religious superstition.</i>

- Althæa Frutex (Syrian
 Mallow) *Persuasion.*
 Alyssum (Sweet)..... *Worth beyond beauty.*
 Amaranth (Globe).... *Immortality. Unfading
 love.*
 Amaranth (Cocks-
 comb)..... *Foppery. Affectation.*
 Amaryllis..... *Pride. Timidity. Splen-
 did beauty.*
 Ambrosia *Love returned.*
 American Cowslip.... *Divine beauty.*
 American Elm *Patriotism.*
 American Linden..... *Matrimony.*
 American Starwort... *Welcome to a stranger.
 Cheerfulness in old age.*
 Amethyst..... *Admiration.*
 Andromeda..... *Self-sacrifice.*
 Anemone (Zephyr
 Flower) *Sickness. Expectation.*
 Anemone (Garden)... *Forsaken.*
 Angelica..... *Inspiration, or Magic.*
 Angrec..... *Royalty.*
 Apricot (Blossom)... *Doubt.*
 Apple *Temptation.*
 Apple (Blossom)..... *Preference. Fame speaks
 him great and good.*
 Apple, Thorn..... *Deceitful charms.*
 Apocynum (Dogsbane) *Deceit.*
 Arbor Vitæ..... *Unchanging friendship.
 Live for me.*
 Arum (Wake Robin).. *Ardor. Zeal.*
 Ash-leaved Trumpet
 Flower *Separation.*
 Ash, Mountain..... *Prudence, or With me you
 are safe.*

Ash Tree.....	<i>Grandeur.</i>
Aspen Tree.....	<i>Lamentation, or fear.</i>
Aster (China).....	<i>Variety. Afterthought.</i>
Asphodel.....	<i>My regrets follow you to the grave.</i>
Auricula.....	<i>Painting.</i>
Auricula, Scarlet.....	<i>Avarice.</i>
Austurtium.....	<i>Splendor.</i>
Azalea.....	<i>Temperance.</i>
Bachelor's Buttons....	<i>Celibacy.</i>
Balm.....	<i>Sympathy.</i>
Balm, Gentle.....	<i>Pleasantry.</i>
Balm of Gilead.....	<i>Cure. Relief.</i>
Balsam, Red.....	<i>Touch me not. Impatient resolves.</i>
Balsam, Yellow.....	<i>Impatience.</i>
Barberry.....	<i>Sharpness of temper.</i>
Basil.....	<i>Hatred.</i>
Bay Leaf.....	<i>I change but in death.</i>
Bay (Rose) Rhododen- dron.....	<i>Danger. Beware.</i>
Bay Tree.....	<i>Glory.</i>
Bay Wreath.....	<i>Reward of merit.</i>
Bearded Crepis.....	<i>Protection.</i>
Beech Tree.....	<i>Prosperity.</i>
Bee Orchis.....	<i>Industry.</i>
Bee Ophrys.....	<i>Error.</i>
Begonia.....	<i>Deformity.</i>
Belladonna.....	<i>Silence. Hush!</i>
Bell Flower, Pyrami- dal.....	<i>Constancy.</i>
Bell Flower (small white).....	<i>Gratitude.</i>
Belvedere.....	<i>I declare against you.</i>

Betony	<i>Surprise.</i>	
Bilberry	<i>Treachery.</i>	
Bindweed, Great.....	<i>Insinuation.</i>	<i>Importu-</i>
	<i>nity.</i>	
Bindweed, Small.....	<i>Humility.</i>	
Birch.....	<i>Meekness.</i>	
Birdsfoot, Trefoil.....	<i>Revenge.</i>	
Bittersweet; Night-		
shade	<i>Truth.</i>	
Black Poplar.....	<i>Courage.</i>	
Blackthorn.....	<i>Difficulty.</i>	
Bladder Nut Tree.....	<i>Frivolity.</i>	<i>Amusement.</i>
Bluebottle (Centaury).	<i>Delicacy.</i>	
Bluebell.....	<i>Constancy.</i>	<i>Sorrowful re-</i>
	<i>gret.</i>	
Blue-flowered Greek		
Valerian.....	<i>Rupture.</i>	
Bonus Henricus.....	<i>Goodness.</i>	
Borage	<i>Bluntness.</i>	
Box Tree.....	<i>Stoicism.</i>	
Bramble.....	<i>Lowliness.</i>	<i>Envy. Re-</i>
	<i>morse.</i>	
Branch of Currants...	<i>You please all.</i>	
Branch of Thorns.....	<i>Severity. Rigor.</i>	
Bridal Rose.....	<i>Happy Love.</i>	
Broom	<i>Humility. Neatness.</i>	
Browallia Jamisonii...	<i>Could you bear poverty?</i>	
Buckbean	<i>Calm repose.</i>	
Bud of White Rose...	<i>Heart ignorance of love.</i>	
Buglos	<i>Falsehood.</i>	
Bulrush	<i>Indiscretion.</i>	<i>Docility.</i>
Bundle of Reeds, with		
their Panicles.....	<i>Music,</i>	
Burdock	<i>Importunity.</i>	<i>Touch me</i>
	<i>not.</i>	

- Bur *Rudeness. You weary me.*
 Buttercup (Kingscup) .. *Ingratitude. Childishness.*
 Butterfly Orchis *Gayety.*
 Butterfly Weed *Let me go.*

 Cabbage *Profit.*
 Cacalia *Adulation.*
 Cactus *Warmth.*
 Calla Æthiopica *Magnificent beauty.*
 Calceolaria *I offer you pecuniary as-
 sistance, or I offer you
 my fortune.*
 Calycanthus *Benevolence.*
 Camellia Japonica,
 Red *Unpretending excellence.*
 Camellia Japonica,
 White *Perfected loveliness.*
 Camomile *Energy in adversity.*
 Campanula Pyramida .. *Aspiring.*
 Canary Grass *Perseverance.*
 Candytuft *Indifference.*
 Canterbury Bell *Acknowledgment.*
 Cape Jasmine *I am too happy.*
 Cardamine *Paternal error.*
 Carnation, Deep Red .. *Alas! for my poor heart.*
 Carnation, Striped ... *Refusal.*
 Carnation, Yellow ... *Disdain.*
 Cardinal Flower *Distinction.*
 Catchfly *Snare.*
 Catchfly, Red *Youthful love.*
 Catchfly, White *Betrayed.*
 Cattleya *Mature charms.*
 Cattleya Pineli *Matronly grace.*
 Cedar *Strength.*
 Cedar of Lebanon *Incorruptible.*

Deadly Nightshade....	<i>Falsehood.</i>
Dew Plant.....	<i>A serenade.</i>
Dianthus.....	<i>Make haste.</i>
Diosma.....	<i>Your simple elegance charms me.</i>
Dipteracanthus Spec- tabilis.....	<i>Fortitude.</i>
Diplademia Crassi- noda.....	<i>You are too bold.</i>
Dittany of Crete.....	<i>Birth.</i>
Dittany of Crete, White.....	<i>Passion.</i>
Dock.....	<i>Patience.</i>
Dodder of Thyme....	<i>Baseness.</i>
Dogsbane.....	<i>Deceit. Falsehood.</i>
Dogwood.....	<i>Durability.</i>
Dragon Plant.....	<i>Snare.</i>
Dragonwort.....	<i>Horror.</i>
Dried Flax.....	<i>Utility.</i>
Ebony Tree.....	<i>Blackness.</i>
Echites Atropurpurea.	<i>Be warned in time.</i>
Eglantine (Sweet- brier).....	<i>Poetry. I wound to heal.</i>
Elder.....	<i>Zealousness.</i>
Elm.....	<i>Dignity.</i>
Enchanters' Night- shade.....	<i>Witchcraft. Sorcery.</i>
Endive ..	<i>Frugality.</i>
Escholzia.....	<i>Do not refuse me.</i>
Eupatorium.....	<i>Delay.</i>
Everflowering Candy- tuft.....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Evergreen Clematis...	<i>Poverty.</i>
Evergreen Thorn.....	<i>Solace in adversity.</i>

Gourd.....	<i>Extent. Bulk.</i>
Grammanthus Chloro- flora.....	<i>Your temper is too hasty.</i>
Grape, Wild.....	<i>Charity.</i>
Grass.....	<i>Submission. Utility.</i>
Guelder Rose.....	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
Hand Flower Tree.....	<i>Warning.</i>
Harebell.....	<i>Submission. Grief.</i>
Hawkweed.....	<i>Quicksightedness.</i>
Hawthorn.....	<i>Hope.</i>
Hazel.....	<i>Reconciliation.</i>
Heartsease, or Pansy..	<i>Thoughts.</i>
Heath.....	<i>Solitude.</i>
Helenium.....	<i>Tears.</i>
Heliotrope.....	<i>Devotion, or I turn to thee.</i>
Hellebore.....	<i>Scandal. Calumny.</i>
Helmet Flower (Monks- hood).....	<i>Knight-errantry.</i>
Hemlock.....	<i>You will be my death.</i>
Hemp.....	<i>Fate.</i>
Henbane.....	<i>Imperfection.</i>
Hepatica.....	<i>Confidence.</i>
Hibiscus.....	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Holly.....	<i>Foresight.</i>
Holly Herb.....	<i>Enchantment.</i>
Hollyhock.....	<i>Ambition. Fecundity.</i>
Honesty.....	<i>Honesty. Fascination.</i>
Honey Flower.....	<i>Love sweet and secret.</i>
Honeysuckle.....	<i>Generous and devoted af- fection.</i>
Honeysuckle (Coral)..	<i>The color of my fate.</i>
Honeysuckle (French).	<i>Rustic beauty.</i>
Hop.....	<i>Injustice.</i>
Hornbeam.....	<i>Ornament.</i>

Laurestina	<i>A token.</i>
Lavender	<i>Distrust.</i>
Leaves (dead)	<i>Melancholy.</i>
Lemon	<i>Zest.</i>
Lemon Blossoms	<i>Fidelity in love.</i>
Leschenaultia Splen- dens	<i>You are charming.</i>
Lettuce	<i>Cold-heartedness.</i>
Lichen	<i>Dejection. Solitude.</i>
Lilac, Field	<i>Humility.</i>
Lilac, Purple	<i>First emotions of love.</i>
Lilac, White	<i>Youthful innocence.</i>
Lily, Day	<i>Coquetry.</i>
Lily, Imperial	<i>Majesty.</i>
Lily, White	<i>Purity. Sweetness.</i>
Lily, Yellow	<i>Falsehood. Gayety.</i>
Lily of the Valley	<i>Return of happiness. Un- conscious sweetness.</i>
Linden or Lime Trees	<i>Conjugal love.</i>
Lint	<i>I feel my obligations.</i>
Live Oak	<i>Liberty.</i>
Liverwort	<i>Confidence.</i>
Liquorice, Wild	<i>I declare against you.</i>
Lobelia	<i>Malevolence.</i>
Locust Tree	<i>Elegance.</i>
Locust Tree (green)	<i>Affection beyond the grave.</i>
London Pride	<i>Frivolity.</i>
Lote Tree	<i>Concord.</i>
Lotus	<i>Eloquence.</i>
Lotus Flower	<i>Estranged love.</i>
Lotus Leaf	<i>Recantation.</i>
Love in a Mist	<i>Perplexity.</i>
Love lies Bleeding	<i>Hopeless, not heartless.</i>
Lucern	<i>Life.</i>
Lupine	<i>Voraciousness.</i>

- Madder..... *Calumny.*
 Magnolia *Love of Nature.*
 Magnolia, Swamp..... *Perseverance.*
 Mallow *Mildness.*
 Mallow, Marsh..... *Beneficence.*
 Mallow, Syrian..... *Consumed by love.*
 Mallow, Venetian..... *Delicate beauty.*
 Malon Crceana..... *Will you share my fortunes?*
 Manchineal Tree..... *Falsehood.*
 Mandrake..... *Horror.*
 Maple *Reserve.*
 Marianthus *Hope for better days.*
 Marigold *Grief.*
 Marigold, African..... *Vulgar minds.*
 Marigold, French..... *Jealousy.*
 Marigold, Prophetic... *Prediction.*
 Marigold and Cypress. *Despair.*
 Marjoram..... *Blushes.*
 Marvel of Peru..... *Timidity.*
 Meadow Lychnis..... *Wit.*
 Meadow Saffron..... *My best days are past.*
 Meadowsweet *Uselessness.*
 Mercury *Goodness.*
 Mescmbryanthemum .. *Illness.*
 Mezereon..... *Desire to please.*
 Michaelmas Daisy..... *Afterthought.*
 Mignonette *Your qualities surpass your charms.*
 Milfoil..... *War.*
 Milkvetch..... *Your presence softens my pains.*
 Milkwort *Hermitage.*
 Mimosa (Sensitive Plant) *Sensitiveness.*

Mint...
 Mistle...
 Nitrate...
 Mock C...
 Monard...
 caulic...

Monks...
 Monks...
 Flow...

Moonw...
 Mornin...
 Mosch...
 Moss...
 Mosse...
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 Myr...

- Mint..... *Virtue.*
 Mistletoe *I surmount difficulties.*
 Mitraria Coccinea..... *Indolence. Dulness.*
 Mock Orange..... *Counterfeit.*
 Monarda Amplexi-
 caulis..... *Your whims are quite un-
 bearable.*
 Monkshood *A deadly foe is near.*
 Monkshood (Helmet
 Flower) *Chivalry. Knight-er-
 rantry.*
 Moonwort *Forgetfulness.*
 Morning Glory..... *Affectation.*
 Moschatel *Weakness.*
 Moss *Maternal love.*
 Mosses *Ennui.*
 Mossy Saxifrage..... *Affection.*
 Motherwort..... *Concealed love.*
 Mountain Ash..... *Prudence.*
 Mourning Bride..... *Unfortunate attachment.
 I have lost all.*
 Mouse-eared Chick-
 weed..... *Ingenuous simplicity.*
 Mouse-eared Scorpion
 grass..... *Forget me not.*
 Moving Plant..... *Agitation.*
 Mudwort *Happiness. Tranquillity.*
 Mulberry Tree (Black). *I shall not survive you.*
 Mulberry Tree (White). *Wisdom.*
 Mushroom..... *Suspicion, or I can't en-
 tirely trust you.*
 Musk Plant..... *Weakness.*
 Mustard Seed..... *Indifference.*
 Myrobalan..... *Privation.*
 Myrrh..... *Gladness.*

- Myrtle.....*Love.*
- Narcissus*Egotism.*
- Nasturtium*Patriotism.*
- Nemophila*Success everywhere.*
- Nettle, Common Sting-
ing.....*You are spiteful.*
- Nettle, Burning.....*Slander.*
- Nettle Tree.....*Conceit.*
- Night-blooming Ce-
reus.....*Transient beauty.*
- Night Convulvulus...*Night.*
- Nightshade*Falsehood.*
- Oak Leaves.....*Bravery.*
- Oak Tree.....*Hospitality.*
- Oak (White).....*Independence.*
- Oats.....*The witching soul of
music.*
- Oleander*Beware.*
- Olive*Peace.*
- Orange Blossoms....*Your purity equals your
loveliness.*
- Orange Flowers.....*Chastity. Bridal fes-
tivities.*
- Orange Tree.....*Generosity.*
- Orchis*A belle.*
- Osier*Frankness.*
- Osmunda*Dreams.*
- Ox Eye.....*Patience.*
- Palm*Victory.*
- Pansy*Thoughts.*
- Parsley.....*Festivity.*
- Pasque Flower.....*You have no claims.*

Passion F

Patience
Pea, EvePea, Sw
Peach .

Peach F

Pear..

Pear Tr

Fenster

Penny

Peony

Pepper

Periw

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Petur

Phea

Phlo

Pige

Pim

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- Passion Flower.....*Religious superstition,
when the flower is re-
versed, or Faith if erect.*
 Patience Dock.....*Patience.*
 Pea, Everlasting.....*An appointed meeting.
Lasting pleasure.*
 Pea, Sweet.....*Departure.*
 Peach.....*Your qualities, like your
charms, are unequalled.*
 Peach Blossom.....*I am your captive.*
 Pear.....*Affection.*
 Pear Tree.....*Comfort.*
 Penstemon Azureum.. *High-bred.*
 Penuryoyal.....*Flee away.*
 Peony.....*Shame. Bashfulness.*
 Peppermint.....*Warmth of feeling.*
 Periwinkle, Blue.....*Early friendship.*
 Periwinkle, White....*Pleasures of memory.*
 Persicaria.....*Restoration.*
 Persimon.....*Bury me amid Nature's
beauties.*
 Peruvian Heliotrope...*Devotion.*
 Petunia.....*Your presence soothes me.*
 Pheasant's Eye.....*Remembrance.*
 Phlox.....*Unanimity.*
 Pigeon Berry.....*Indifference.*
 Pimpernel.....*Change. Assignation.*
 Pine.....*Pity.*
 Pine-apple.....*You are perfect.*
 Pine, Pitch.....*Philosophy.*
 Pine, Spruce.....*Hope in adversity.*
 Pink.....*Boldness.*
 Pink, Carnation.....*Woman's love.*
 Pink, Indian, Double.. *Always lovely.*
 Pink, Indian, Single... *Aversion.*

- Pink, Mountain..... *Aspiring.*
 Pink, Red, Double.... *Pure and ardent love.*
 Pink, Single..... *Pure love.*
 Pink, Variegated..... *Refusal.*
 Pink, White..... *Ingeniousness. Talent.*
 Plantain..... *White man's footsteps.*
 Plane Tree..... *Genius.*
 Plum, Indian..... *Privation.*
 Plum Tree..... *Fidelity.*
 Plum, Wild..... *Independence.*
 Plumbago Iarpena... *Holy wishes.*
 Polyanthus..... *Pride of riches.*
 Polyanthus, Crimson.. *The heart's mystery.*
 Polyanthus, Lilac.... *Confidence.*
 Pomegranate..... *Foolishness.*
 Pomegranate Flower.. *Mature elegance.*
 Poor Robin..... *Compensation, or an
equivalent.*
 Poplar, Black..... *Courage.*
 Poplar, White..... *Time.*
 Poppy, Red..... *Consolation.*
 Poppy, Scarlet..... *Fantastic extravagance.*
 Poppy, White..... *Sleep. My bane.*
 Potato..... *Benevolence.*
 Potentilla..... *I claim, at least, your
esteem.*
 Prickly Pear..... *Satire.*
 Pride of China..... *Dissension.*
 Primrose..... *Early youth and sadness.*
 Primrose, Evening... *Inconstancy.*
 Primrose, Red*..... *Unpatronized merit.*
 Privet..... *Prohibition.*
 Purple Clover..... *Provident.*
 Pyrus Japonica..... *Fairies' fire.*

Quaki
Quam
Queen

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Ragge
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Ray

Red

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- Quaking-grass *Agitation.*
 Quamoclit *Busybody.*
 Queen's Rocket *You are the queen of
coquettes. Fashion.*
 Quince *Temptation.*

 Ragged-robin *Wit.*
 Ranunculus *You are radiant with
charms.*
 Ranunculus, Garden.. *You are rich in attrac-
tions.*
 Ranunculus, Wild..... *Ingratitude.*
 Raspberry *Remorse.*
 Ray Grass *Vice.*
 Red Catchfly *Youthful love.*
 Reed *Complaisance. Music.*
 Reed, Split *Indiscretion.*
 Rhododendron (Rose-
bay) *Danger. Beware.*
 Rhubarb *Advice.*
 Rocket *Rivalry.*
 Rose *Love.*
 Rose, Austrian *Thou art all that is lovely.*
 Rose, Bridal *Happy love.*
 Rose, Burgundy *Unconscious beauty.*
 Rose, Cabbage *Ambassador of love.*
 Rose, Champion *Only deserve my love.*
 Rose, Carolina *Love is dangerous.*
 Rose, China *Beauty always new.*
 Rose, Christmas *Tranquillize my anxiety.*
 Rose, Daily *Thy smile I aspire to.*
 Rose, Damask *Brilliant complexion.*
 Rose, Deep Red *Bashful shame.*
 Rose, Dog *Pleasure and pain.*
 Rose, Guelder *Winter. Age.*

- Rose, Hundred-leaved. *Pride.*
 Rose, Japan *Beauty is your only attraction.*
 Rose, Maiden Blush... *If you love me you will find it out.*
 Rose, Montiflora *Grace.*
 Rose, Mundi *Variety.*
 Rose, Musk *Capricious beauty.*
 Rose, Musk, Cluster... *Charming.*
 Rose, Single *Simplicity.*
 Rose, Thornless *Early attachment.*
 Rose, Unique *Call me not beautiful.*
 Rose, White *I am worthy of you.*
 Rose, White (with-
 ered) *Transient impressions.*
 Rose, Yellow *Decrease of love. Jealousy.*
 Rose, York and Lan-
 caster *War.*
 Rose, Full-blown,
 placed over two
 Buds *Secrecy.*
 Rose, White and Red
 together *Unity.*
 Roses, Crown of *Reward of virtue.*
 Rosebud, Red *Pure and lovely.*
 Rosebud, White *Girlhood.*
 Rosebud, Moss *Confession of love.*
 Rosebud (Rhododen-
 dron) *Beware. Danger.*
 Rosemary *Remembrance.*
 Rudbeckia *Justice.*
 Rue *Disdain.*
 Rush *Docility.*
 Rye Grass *Changeable disposition.*

HELIOTROPE



Devotion

So turns the needle to the pole it loves
With fine vibrations quivering as it moves

Saffron
Saffron
Saffron
Sage .
Sage .
Santoi
Saint
Salvia,
Salvia,
Saxifr
Scabic
Scabic
Scarle
Schin
Scotcl
Sensit
Seny
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Saffron	<i>Beware of excess.</i>
Saffrou Crocus.....	<i>Mirth.</i>
Saffron, Meadow.....	<i>My happiest days are past.</i>
Sage	<i>Domestic virtue.</i>
Sage, Garden.....	<i>Esteem.</i>
Sainfoin	<i>Agitation.</i>
Saint John's Wort....	<i>Animosity</i>
Salvia, Blue.....	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Salvia, Red.....	<i>Energy.</i>
Saxifrage, Mossy.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Scabious	<i>Unfortunate love.</i>
Scabious, Sweet.....	<i>Widowhood.</i>
Scarlet Lychnis.....	<i>Sunbeaming eyes.</i>
Schinus	<i>Religious enthusiasm.</i>
Scotch Fir.....	<i>Elevation.</i>
Sensitive Plant.....	<i>Sensibility.</i>
Seny	<i>Indifference.</i>
Shamrock	<i>Light-heartedness.</i>
Shepherd's Purse.....	<i>I offer you my all.</i>
Siphocampylos	<i>Resolved to be noticed.</i>
Snakesfoot	<i>Horror.</i>
Snapdragon	<i>Presumption, also "No."</i>
Snowball	<i>Bound.</i>
Snowdrop	<i>Hope.</i>
Sorrel.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Sorrel, Wild.....	<i>Wit ill-timed.</i>
Sorrel, Wood.....	<i>Joy.</i>
Southernwood	<i>Jest. Bantering.</i>
Spanish Jasminc.....	<i>Sensuality.</i>
Spearmint	<i>Warmth of sentiment.</i>
Speedwell	<i>Female fidelity.</i>
Speedwell, Germander.	<i>Facility.</i>
Speedwell, Spiked....	<i>Semblance.</i>
Spider Ophrys.....	<i>Adroitness.</i>
Spiderwort	<i>Esteem, not love.</i>

- Spiked Willow Herb.. *Pretension.*
 Spindle Tree..... *Your charms are engraven
 on my heart.*
 Star of Bethlehem..... *Purity.*
 Starwort..... *Afterthought.*
 Starwort, American... *Cheerfulness in old age.*
 Stephanotis..... *Will you accompany me to
 the East?*
 Stock..... *Lasting beauty.*
 Stock, Ten Week..... *Promptness.*
 Stonecrop..... *Tranquillity.*
 Straw, Broken..... *Rupture of a contract.*
 Straw, Whole..... *Union.*
 Strawberry Blossoms.. *Foresight.*
 Strawberry Tree..... *Esteem, not love.*
 Sultan, Lilac..... *I forgive you.*
 Sultan, White..... *Sweetness.*
 Sultan, Yellow..... *Contempt.*
 Sumach, Venice..... *Splendor.*
 Sunflower, Dwarf..... *Adoration.*
 Sunflower, Tall..... *Haughtiness.*
 Swallow-wort..... *Cure for heartache.*
 Sweet Basil..... *Good wishes.*
 Sweetbrier, American. *Simplicity.*
 Sweetbrier, European. *I wound to heal.*
 Sweetbrier, Yellow.... *Decrease of love.*
 Sweet Pea..... *Delicate pleasures.*
 Sweet Sultan..... *Felicity.*
 Sweet William..... *Gallantry.*
 Sycamore..... *Curiosity.*
 Syringa..... *Memory.*
 Syringa, Carolina.... *Disappointment.*
 Tamarisk..... *Crime.*
 Tansy (Wild)..... *I declare war against you.*

- Teasel.....*Misanthropy.*
 Tendrils of Climbing
 Plants.....*Ties.*
 Thistle, Common.....*Austerity.*
 Thistle, Fuller's.....*Misanthropy.*
 Thistle, Scotch.....*Retaliation.*
 Thorn Apple.....*Deceitful charms.*
 Thorn, Branch of.....*Severity.*
 Thrift.....*Sympathy.*
 Throatwort.....*Neglected beauty.*
 Thyme.....*Activity or courage.*
 Tiger Flower.....*For once may pride be
 friend me.*
 Traveller's Joy.....*Safety.*
 Tree of Life.....*Old age.*
 Trefoil.....*Revenge.*
 Tremella Nestoc.....*Resistance.*
 Trillium Pictum.....*Modest beauty.*
 Triptilion Spinosum...*Be prudent.*
 Truffle.....*Surprise.*
 Trumpet Flower.....*Fame.*
 Tuberoses.....*Dangerous pleasures.*
 Tulip, Red.....*Declaration of love.*
 Tulip, Variegated.....*Beautiful eyes.*
 Tulip, Yellow.....*Hopeless love.*
 Turnip.....*Charity.*
 Tussilage (Sweet-
 scented).....*Justice shall be done you.*
 Valerian.....*An accommodating dispo-
 sition.*
 Valerian, Greek.....*Rupture.*
 Venice Sumach.....*Intellectual excellence.
 Splendor.*
 Venus's Car.....*Fly with me.*

- White Poplar *Time.*
 White Rose (dried).... *Death preferable to loss of
innocence.*
 Whortleberry *Treason.*
 Willow, Creeping *Love forsaken.*
 Willow, Water..... *Freedom.*
 Willow, Weeping *Mourning.*
 Willow Herb *Pretension.*
 Willow, French..... *Bravery and humanity.*
 Winter Cherry..... *Deception.*
 Wisteria *Welcome, fair stranger.*
 Witch Hazel..... *A spell.*
 Woodbine..... *Fraternal love.*
 Wood Sorrel..... *Joy. Maternal tenderness.*
 Wormwood..... *Absence.*

 Xanthium *Rudeness. Pertinacity.*
 Xeranthemum *Cheerfulness under adver-
sity.*

 Yew..... *Sorrow.*

 Zephyr Flower..... *Expectation.*
 Zinnia *Thoughts of absent friends.*

PART SECOND.

Absence.....	<i>Wormwood.</i>
Abuse not.....	<i>Crocus.</i>
Acknowledgment	<i>Canterbury Bell.</i>
Activity, or Courage..	<i>Thyme.</i>
A deadly foe is near..	<i>Monkshood.</i>
Admiration.....	<i>Amethyst.</i>
Adoration	<i>Dwarf Sunflower.</i>
Adroitness	<i>Spider Ophrys.</i>
Adulation.....	<i>Cacalia.</i>
Advice	<i>Rhubarb.</i>
Affection	<i>Mossy Saxifrage.</i>
Affection	<i>Pear.</i>
Affection	<i>Sorrel.</i>
Affection beyond the grave.....	<i>Green Locust.</i>
Affection, maternal...	<i>Cinquefoil.</i>
Affectation.....	<i>Cockscomb Amaranth.</i>
Affectation.....	<i>Morning Glory.</i>
Afterthought.....	<i>Michaelmas Daisy.</i>
Afterthought.....	<i>Starwort.</i>
Afterthought.....	<i>China Aster.</i>
Agreement	<i>Straw.</i>
Age	<i>Guelder Rose.</i>
Agitation.....	<i>Moving Plant.</i>
Agitation.....	<i>Sainfoin.</i>
Alas! for my poor heart.....	<i>Deep Red Carnation.</i>
Always cheerful.....	<i>Coreopsis.</i>

Always lovely.....	<i>Indian Pink (double).</i>
Always delightful.....	<i>Cineraria.</i>
Ambassador of love...	<i>Cabbage Rose.</i>
Amiability.....	<i>Jasmine.</i>
Anger.....	<i>Whin, or Gorse.</i>
Animosity.....	<i>St. John's Wort.</i>
Anticipation.....	<i>Gooseberry.</i>
Anxious and trembling.	<i>Red Columbine.</i>
Ardor, Zeal.....	<i>Cuckoo Plant. Arum.</i>
Argument.....	<i>Fig.</i>
Arts, or Artifice.....	<i>Acanthus.</i>
Assiduous to please...	<i>Sprig of ivy with tendrils.</i>
Assignment.....	<i>Pimpernel.</i>
Attachment.....	<i>Indian Jasmine.</i>
Audacity.....	<i>Larch.</i>
Avarice.....	<i>Scarlet Auricula.</i>
Aversion.....	<i>China, or Indian Pink.</i>
Bantering.....	<i>Southernwood.</i>
Baseness.....	<i>Dodder of Thyme.</i>
Bashfulness.....	<i>Peony.</i>
Bashful shame.....	<i>Deep Red Rose.</i>
Be prudent.....	<i>Triptilion Spinosum.</i>
Be warned in time....	<i>Echites Atro-purpurea.</i>
Beautiful eyes.....	<i>Variiegated Tulip.</i>
Beauty.....	<i>Parti-colored Daisy.</i>
Beauty always new....	<i>China Rose.</i>
Beauty, capricious....	<i>Lady's Slipper.</i>
Beauty, capricious....	<i>Musk Rose.</i>
Beauty, delicate.....	<i>Flower of an hour.</i>
Beauty, delicate.....	<i>Hibiscus.</i>
Beauty, divine.....	<i>American Cowslip.</i>
Beauty, glorious.....	<i>Glory Flower.</i>
Beauty, lasting.....	<i>Stock.</i>
Beauty, magnificent...	<i>Colla Ethiopica.</i>

Beauty, mental	<i>Clematis.</i>
Beauty, modest	<i>Trillium Pictum.</i>
Beauty, neglected	<i>Throatwort.</i>
Beauty, pensive	<i>Laburnum.</i>
Beauty, rustic	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Beauty, unconscious	<i>Burgundy Rose.</i>
Beauty is your only attraction	<i>Japan Rose.</i>
Belle	<i>Orchis.</i>
Be mine	<i>Four-leaved Clover.</i>
Beneficence	<i>Marshmallow.</i>
Benevolence	<i>Potato.</i>
Betrayed	<i>White Catchfly.</i>
Beware	<i>Oleander.</i>
Beware	<i>Rosebay.</i>
Beware of a false friend	<i>Franciscea Latifolia.</i>
Blackness	<i>Ebony Tree.</i>
Bluntness	<i>Borage.</i>
Blushes	<i>Marjoram.</i>
Boaster	<i>Hydrangea.</i>
Boldness	<i>Pink.</i>
Bonds	<i>Convolvulus.</i>
Bonds of Affection	<i>Gillyflower.</i>
Bravery	<i>Oak Leaves.</i>
Bravery and humanity	<i>French Willow.</i>
Bridal favor	<i>Ivy Geranium.</i>
Brilliant complexion	<i>Damask Rose.</i>
Bulk	<i>Water Melon.</i>
Bulk	<i>Gourd.</i>
Busybody	<i>Quamoclit.</i>
Bury me amid Na- ture's beauties	<i>Persimmon.</i>
Call me not beautiful	<i>Rose Unique.</i>

Calm repose	<i>Buckbean.</i>
Calumny	<i>Hellebore.</i>
Calumny	<i>Madder.</i>
Change	<i>Pimpernel.</i>
Changeable disposition	<i>Rye Grass.</i>
Charity	<i>Turnip.</i>
Charming	<i>Cluster of Musk Roses.</i>
Charms, deceitful	<i>Thorn Apple.</i>
Cheerfulness in old age	<i>American Starwort.</i>
Cheerfulness under adversity	<i>Chinese Chrysanthemum.</i>
Chivalry	<i>Monkshood.</i>
Cleanliness	<i>Hyssop.</i>
Coldheartedness	<i>Lettuce.</i>
Coldness	<i>Agnus Castus.</i>
Color of my life	<i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>
Come down	<i>Jacob's Ladder.</i>
Comfort	<i>Pear Tree.</i>
Comforting	<i>Scarlet Geranium.</i>
Compassion	<i>Allspice.</i>
Concealed love	<i>Motherwort.</i>
Concert	<i>Nettle Tree.</i>
Concord	<i>Lote Tree.</i>
Confession of love	<i>Moss Rosebud.</i>
Confidence	<i>Hepatica.</i>
Confidence	<i>Lilac Polyanthus.</i>
Confidence	<i>Liverwort.</i>
Confidence in Heaven	<i>Flowering Reed.</i>
Conjugal love	<i>Lime or Linden Tree.</i>
Consolation	<i>Red Poppy.</i>
Constancy	<i>Bluebell.</i>
Consumed by love	<i>Syrian Mallow.</i>
Contentment	<i>Hoyabella.</i>

Could you bear poverty.....	<i>Browallia Jamisonii.</i>
Counterfeit.....	<i>Mock Orange.</i>
Courage.....	<i>Black Poplar.</i>
Crime.....	<i>Tamarisk.</i>
Cure.....	<i>Balm of Gilead.</i>
Cure for heartache.....	<i>Swallow-wort.</i>
Curiosity.....	<i>Sycamore.</i>
Danger.....	<i>Rhododendron Rosebay.</i>
Dangerous pleasures..	<i>Tuberose.</i>
Death.....	<i>Cypress.</i>
Death preferable to loss of innocence....	<i>White Rose (dried).</i>
Deceit.....	<i>Apocynum.</i>
Deceit.....	<i>Flytrap.</i>
Deceit.....	<i>Dogsbane.</i>
Deceitful charms.....	<i>Apple, Thorn.</i>
Deception.....	<i>White Cherry Tree.</i>
Declaration of love....	<i>Red Tulip.</i>
Decrease of love.....	<i>Yellow Rose.</i>
Deformed.....	<i>Begonia.</i>
Dejection.....	<i>Lichen.</i>
Delay.....	<i>Eupatorium.</i>
Delicacy.....	<i>Bluebottle. Centaury.</i>
Desire to please.....	<i>Mezereon.</i>
Despair.....	<i>Cypress.</i>
Despondency.....	<i>Humble Plant.</i>
Devotion, or I turn to thee.....	<i>Peruvian Heliotrope.</i>
Difficulty.....	<i>Blackthorn.</i>
Dignity.....	<i>Cloves.</i>
Dignity.....	<i>Laurel-leaved Magnolia.</i>
Disappointment.....	<i>Syringa, Carolina.</i>
Disdain.....	<i>Yellow Carnation.</i>

Disdain.....	<i>Rue.</i>
Disgust.....	<i>Frog Ophrys.</i>
Dissension.....	<i>Pride of China.</i>
Distinction.....	<i>Cardinal Flower.</i>
Distrust.....	<i>Lavender.</i>
Divine beauty.....	<i>American Cowslip.</i>
Docility.....	<i>Rush.</i>
Domestic industry....	<i>Flax.</i>
Domestic virtue.....	<i>Sage.</i>
Do not despise my poverty.....	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>
Do not refuse me.....	<i>Eschcolzia, or Carrot Flower.</i>
Doubt.....	<i>Apricot Blossom.</i>
Durability.....	<i>Dogwood.</i>
Duration.....	<i>Cornel Tree.</i>
Early attachment.....	<i>Thornless Rose.</i>
Early friendship.....	<i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>
Early youth.....	<i>Primrose.</i>
Elegance.....	<i>Locust Tree.</i>
Elegance and grace....	<i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>
Elevation.....	<i>Scotch Fir.</i>
Eloquence.....	<i>Indian Lagerstræmia.</i>
Enchantment.....	<i>Holly Herb.</i>
Enchantment.....	<i>Vervain.</i>
Energy.....	<i>Red Salvia.</i>
Energy in adversity....	<i>Camomile.</i>
Envy.....	<i>Bramble.</i>
Error.....	<i>Bee Orchis.</i>
Error.....	<i>Fly Orchis.</i>
Esteem.....	<i>Garden Sage.</i>
Esteem, not love.....	<i>Spiderwort.</i>
Esteem, not love.....	<i>Strawberry Tree.</i>
Estranged love.....	<i>Lotus Flower.</i>

Excellence	<i>Camellia Japonica.</i>
Expectation	<i>Anemone.</i>
Expectation	<i>Zephyr Flower.</i>
Expected meeting.....	<i>Nutmeg Geranium.</i>
Extent	<i>Gourd.</i>
Extinguished hopes...	<i>Major Convolvulus.</i>
Facility	<i>Germander Speedwell.</i>
Fairies' Fire.....	<i>Pyrus Japonica.</i>
Faithfulness	<i>Blue Violet.</i>
Faithfulness	<i>Heliotrope.</i>
Falsehood	<i>Bugloss. Deadly Night- shade.</i>
Falsehood	<i>Yellow Lily.</i>
Falsehood	<i>Manchineal Tree.</i>
Fame	<i>Tulip.</i>
Fame speaks him great and good.....	<i>Apple Blossom.</i>
Family union.....	<i>Pink Verbena.</i>
Fantastic extrava- gance	<i>Scarlet Poppy.</i>
Farewell	<i>Michaelmas Daisy.</i>
Fascination.....	<i>Fern.</i>
Fascination.....	<i>Honesty.</i>
Fashion	<i>Queen's Rocket.</i>
Fecundity	<i>Hollyhock.</i>
Felicity	<i>Sweet Sultan.</i>
Female fidelity.....	<i>Speedwell.</i>
Festivity	<i>Parsley.</i>
Fickleness	<i>Abatina.</i>
Fickleness	<i>Pink Larkspur.</i>
Fidelity.....	<i>Veronica. Ivy.</i>
Fidelity.....	<i>Plum Tree.</i>
Fidelity in adversity...	<i>Wall-flower.</i>
Fidelity in love.....	<i>Lemon Blossoms.</i>

Filial love.....	<i>Virgin's Bower.</i>
Fire	<i>Fleur-de-Luce.</i>
First emotions of love.....	<i>Purple Lilac.</i>
Flame	<i>Fleur-de-lis. Iris.</i>
Flattery	<i>Venus's Looking-glass.</i>
Flee away.....	<i>Pennyroyal.</i>
Fly with me.....	<i>Venus's Car.</i>
Folly	<i>Columbine.</i>
Foolishness.....	<i>Pomegranate.</i>
Foppery.....	<i>Cockscomb. Amaranth.</i>
Foresight.....	<i>Holly.</i>
Forgetfulness	<i>Moonwort.</i>
Forget me not.....	<i>Forget-Me-Not.</i>
For once may pride befriend me.....	<i>Tiger Flower.</i>
Forsaken	<i>Garden Anemone.</i>
Forsaken	<i>Laburnum.</i>
Fortitude.....	<i>Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.</i>
Frankness	<i>Osier.</i>
Fraternal love.....	<i>Woodbine.</i>
Freedom.....	<i>Water Willows.</i>
Freshness	<i>Damask Rose.</i>
Friendship	<i>Acacia. Ivy.</i>
Friendship, early.....	<i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>
Friendship, true	<i>Oak-leaved Geranium.</i>
Friendship, unchang- ing.....	<i>Arbor Vitæ.</i>
Frivolity.....	<i>London Pride.</i>
Frugality	<i>Chicory. Endive.</i>
Gallantry.....	<i>Sweet William.</i>
Gayety	<i>Butterfly Orchis.</i>
Gayety	<i>Yellow Lily.</i>
Generosity.....	<i>Orange Tree.</i>

Generous and devoted affection.....	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Genius.....	<i>Plane Tree.</i>
Gentility.....	<i>Corn Cockle.</i>
Girlhood.....	<i>White Rosebud.</i>
Give me your good wishes.....	<i>Sweet Basil.</i>
Gladness.....	<i>Myrrh.</i>
Glory.....	<i>Laurel.</i>
Glory. Immortality..	<i>Daphne.</i>
Glorious beauty.....	<i>Glory Flower.</i>
Goodness.....	<i>Bonus Henricus.</i>
Goodness.....	<i>Mercury.</i>
Good education.....	<i>Cherry Tree.</i>
Good wishes.....	<i>Sweet Basil.</i>
Good-nature.....	<i>White Mullein.</i>
Gossip.....	<i>Cobæa.</i>
Grace.....	<i>Multiflora Rose.</i>
Grace and elegance..	<i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>
Grandeur.....	<i>Ash Tree.</i>
Gratitude.....	<i>Small White Bell-flower.</i>
Grief.....	<i>Harebell.</i>
Grief.....	<i>Marigold.</i>
Happy love.....	<i>Bridal Rose.</i>
Hatred.....	<i>Basil.</i>
Haughtiness.....	<i>Purple Larkspur.</i>
Haughtiness.....	<i>Tall Sunflower.</i>
Health.....	<i>Iceland Moss.</i>
Hermitage.....	<i>Milkwort.</i>
Hidden worth.....	<i>Coriander.</i>
High-bred.....	<i>Penstemon Azureum.</i>
Holy wishes.....	<i>Plumbago Larpenta.</i>
Honesty.....	<i>Honesty.</i>
Hope.....	<i>Flowering Almond.</i>

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Hope.....	<i>Hawthorn.</i>
Hope.....	<i>Snowdrop.</i>
Hope in adversity.....	<i>Spruce Pine.</i>
Hopeless love.....	<i>Yellow Tulip.</i>
Hopeless, not heart- less	<i>Love Lies Bleeding.</i>
Horror	<i>Mandrake.</i>
Horror	<i>Dragonswort.</i>
Horror	<i>Snakesfoot.</i>
Hospitality	<i>Oak Tree.</i>
Humility	<i>Broom.</i>
Humility	<i>Small Bindweed.</i>
Humility	<i>Field Lilac.</i>
I am too happy.....	<i>Cape Jasmine.</i>
I am your captive.....	<i>Peach Blossom.</i>
I am worthy of you...	<i>White Rose.</i>
I change but in death.	<i>Bay Leaf.</i>
I claim at least your esteem	<i>Potentilla.</i>
I dare not.....	<i>Veronica Speciosa.</i>
I declare against you..	<i>Belvidere.</i>
I declare against you..	<i>Liquorice.</i>
I declare war against you	<i>Wild Tansy.</i>
I die if neglected.....	<i>Laurestina.</i>
I desire a return of affection.....	<i>Jonquil.</i>
I feel my obligations..	<i>Lint.</i>
I feel your kindness...	<i>Flax.</i>
I have lost all.....	<i>Mourning Bride.</i>
I live for thee.....	<i>Cedar Leaf.</i>
I love	<i>Red Chrysanthemum.</i>
I offer you my all.....	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>

- I offer you my fortune,
 or I offer you pecu-
 niary aid *Calceolaria.*
 I share your senti-
 ments *Double China Aster.*
 I share your senti-
 ments *Garden Daisy.*
 I shall die to-morrow.. *Gum Cistus.*
 I shall not survive you. *Black Mulberry.*
 I surmount difficulties. *Mistletoe.*
 I watch over you..... *Mountain Ash.*
 I weep for you..... *Purple Verbena.*
 I will think of it..... *Single China Aster.*
 I will think of it..... *Wild Daisy.*
 I wound to heal..... *Eglantine (Sweetbrier).*
 Idleness *Mesembryanthemum.*
 If you love me, you will
 find it out..... *Maiden Blush Rose.*
 Ill-nature..... *Crab Blossom.*
 Ill-natured beauty..... *Citron.*
 Imagination *Lupine.*
 Immortality *Globe Amaranth.*
 Impatience *Yellow Balsam.*
 Impatient of absence.. *Corchorus.*
 Impatient resolves.... *Red Balsam.*
 Imperfection..... *Henbane.*
 Importunity *Burdock.*
 Inconstancy *Evening Primrose.*
 Incorruptible..... *Cedar of Lebanon.*
 Independenee..... *Wild Plum Tree.*
 Independenee..... *White Oak.*
 Indifference..... *Everflowering Candytuft.*
 Indifference..... *Mustard Seed.*
 Indifference..... *Pigeon Berry.*
 Indifference..... *Senvy.*

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- Indiscretion *Split Reed.*
 Indolence *Mitraria Coccinea.*
 Industry *Red Clover.*
 Industry, Domestic... *Flax.*
 Ingeniousness..... *White Pink.*
 Ingenuity..... *Pencil Geranium.*
 Ingenuous simplicity.. *Mouse-eared Chickweed.*
 Ingratitude *Crowfoot.*
 Innocence *Daisy.*
 Insincerity..... *Foxglove.*
 Insinuation *Great Bindweed.*
 Inspiration *Angelica.*
 Instability..... *Dahlia.*
 Intellect..... *Walnut.*
 Intoxication *Vine.*
 Irony..... *Sardony.*
- Jealousy..... *French Marigold.*
 Jealousy..... *Yellow Rose.*
 Jest *Southernwood.*
 Joy *Wood Sorrel.*
 Joys to come..... *Lesser Celandine.*
 Justice..... *Rudbeckia.*
 Justice shall be done
 to you..... *Coltsfoot, or Sweet-scented
 Tussilage.*
- Keep your promise.... *Petunia.*
 Kindness *Scarlet Geranium.*
 Knight-errantry..... *Helmet Flower (Monks-
 hood).*
- Lamentation..... *Aspen Tree.*
 Lasting beauty..... *Stock.*
 Lasting pleasures..... *Everlasting Pea.*

Let me go.....	<i>Butterfly Wheel.</i>
Levity.....	<i>Larkspur.</i>
Liberty.....	<i>Live Oak.</i>
Life.....	<i>Lucern.</i>
Lightheartedness.....	<i>Shamrock.</i>
Lightness.....	<i>Larkspur.</i>
Live for me.....	<i>Arbor Vitæ.</i>
Love.....	<i>Myrtle.</i>
Love.....	<i>Rose.</i>
Love, forsaken.....	<i>Creeping Willow.</i>
Love, returned.....	<i>Ambrosia.</i>
Love is dangerous....	<i>Carolina Rose.</i>
Love for all seasons...	<i>Furze.</i>
Lustre.....	<i>Aconite-leaved Crowfoot, or Fair Maid of France.</i>
Luxury.....	<i>Chestnut Tree.</i>
Magnificent beauty....	<i>Calla Æthiopica.</i>
Majesty.....	<i>Crown Imperial.</i>
Make haste.....	<i>Dianthus.</i>
Malevolence.....	<i>Lobelia.</i>
Marriage.....	<i>Ivy.</i>
Maternal affection....	<i>Cinquefoil.</i>
Maternal love.....	<i>Moss.</i>
Maternal tenderness...	<i>Wood Sorrel.</i>
Matrimony.....	<i>American Linden.</i>
Matronly grace.....	<i>Cattleya.</i>
Mature charms.....	<i>Cattleya Pineli.</i>
May you be happy....	<i>Volkamenia.</i>
Meanness.....	<i>Coscuta.</i>
Meekness.....	<i>Birch.</i>
Melancholy.....	<i>Dark Geranium.</i>
Melancholy.....	<i>Dead Leaves.</i>
Mental beauty.....	<i>Clematis.</i>
Mental beauty.....	<i>Kennedia.</i>

- Message *Iris.*
 Mildness..... *Mallow.*
 Mirth..... *Saffron Crocus.*
 Misanthropy..... *Aconite (Wolfsbane).*
 Misanthropy..... *Fuller's Teazle.*
 Modest beauty..... *Trillium Pictum.*
 Modest genius..... *Creeping Cereus.*
 Modesty..... *Violet.*
 Modesty and purity... *White Lily.*
 Momentary happiness. *Virginian Spiderwort.*
 Mourning *Weeping Willow.*
 Music *Bundles of Reeds with
their Panicles.*
 My best days are past. *Colchicum, or Meadow
Saffron.*
 My regrets follow you
to the grave..... *Asphodel.*
 Neatness *Broom.*
 Neglected beauty *Throatwort.*
 Never-ceasing remem-
brance..... *Everlasting.*
 Never despair..... *Watcher by the Wayside.*
 No *Snapdragon.*
 Old age..... *Tree of Life.*
 Only deserve my love.. *Campion Rose.*
 Painful recollections... *Flos Adonis.*
 Painting *Auricula.*
 Painting the lily..... *Daphne Odora.*
 Passion *White Dittany.*
 Paternal error..... *Cardamine.*
 Patience..... *Dock. Ox Eye.*
 Patriotism..... *American Elm.*

Patriotism.....	<i>Nasturtium.</i>
Peace..	<i>Olive.</i>
Perfected loveliness...	<i>White Camellia Japonica.</i>
Perfidy.....	<i>Common Laurel, in flower.</i>
Pensive beauty.....	<i>Laburnum.</i>
Perplexity.....	<i>Love in a Mist.</i>
Persecution.....	<i>Checkered Fritillary</i>
Perseverance.....	<i>Swamp Magnolia.</i>
Persuasion.....	<i>Althea Frutex.</i>
Persuasion.....	<i>Syrian Mallow.</i>
Pertinacity.....	<i>Clotbur.</i>
Pity.....	<i>Pine, also Andromeda.</i>
Pleasure and pain....	<i>Dog Rose.</i>
Pleasure, lasting.....	<i>Everlasting Pea.</i>
Pleasures of memory..	<i>White Periwinkle.</i>
Popular favor.....	<i>Cistus, or Rock Rose.</i>
Poverty.....	<i>Evergreen Clematis.</i>
Power.....	<i>Imperial Montague.</i>
Power.....	<i>Cress.</i>
Pray for me.....	<i>White Verbena.</i>
Precaution.....	<i>Golden Rod.</i>
Prediction.....	<i>Prophetic Marigold.</i>
Pretension.....	<i>Spiked Willow Herb.</i>
Pride.....	<i>Hundred-leaved Rose.</i>
Pride.....	<i>Amaryllis.</i>
Privation.....	<i>Indian Plum.</i>
Privation.....	<i>Myrobalan.</i>
Profit.....	<i>Cabbage.</i>
Prohibition.....	<i>Privet.</i>
Prolific.....	<i>Fig Tree.</i>
Promptness.....	<i>Ten-week Stock.</i>
Prosperity.....	<i>Beech Tree.</i>
Protection.....	<i>Bearded Crepis.</i>

Prudence	<i>Mountain Ash.</i>
Pure love.....	<i>Single Red Pink.</i>
Pure and ardent love..	<i>Double Red Pink.</i>
Pure and lovely.....	<i>Red Rosebud.</i>
Purity.....	<i>Star of Bethlehem.</i>
Quarrel.....	<i>Broken Corn-straw.</i>
Quicksightedness	<i>Hawkweed.</i>
Ready armed.....	<i>Gladioli.</i>
Reason	<i>Goat's Rue.</i>
Recantation	<i>Lotus Leaf.</i>
Recall	<i>Silver-leaved Geranium.</i>
Reconciliation	<i>Filbert.</i>
Reconciliation	<i>Hazel.</i>
Refinement	<i>Gardenia.</i>
Refusal.....	<i>Striped Carnation.</i>
Regard	<i>Daffodil.</i>
Regret.....	<i>Purple Verbena.</i>
Relief	<i>Balm of Gilead.</i>
Relieve my anxiety...	<i>Christmas Rose</i>
Religious superstition.	<i>Aloe.</i>
Religious superstition, or faith.....	<i>Passion Flower.</i>
Religious enthusiasm..	<i>Schinus.</i>
Remembrance.....	<i>Rosemary.</i>
Remorse	<i>Bramble.</i>
Remorse	<i>Raspberry.</i>
Rendezvous	<i>Chickweed.</i>
Reserve	<i>Maple.</i>
Resistance.....	<i>Tremella Nestoc.</i>
Resolved to be noticed.	<i>Siphocampylos.</i>
Restoration.....	<i>Persicaria.</i>
Retaliation.....	<i>Scotch Thistle.</i>
Return of happiness...	<i>Lily of the Valley.</i>

Revenge.....	<i>Birdsfoot Trefoil.</i>
Reverie	<i>Flowering Fern.</i>
Reward of merit.....	<i>Bay Wreath.</i>
Reward of virtue.....	<i>Garland of Roses.</i>
Riches.....	<i>Corn.</i>
Rigor.....	<i>Lantana.</i>
Rivalry.....	<i>Rocket.</i>
Rudeness.....	<i>Clothbur.</i>
Rudeness.....	<i>Xanthium.</i>
Rural happiness.....	<i>Yellow Violet.</i>
Rustic beauty.....	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Rustic oracle.....	<i>Dandelion.</i>
Sadness	<i>Dead Leaves.</i>
Safety.....	<i>Traveller's Joy.</i>
Satire	<i>Prickly Pear.</i>
Sculpture.....	<i>Hoya.</i>
Secret love.....	<i>Yellow Acacia.</i>
Semblance.....	<i>Spiked Speedwell.</i>
Sensitiveness	<i>Mimosa.</i>
Sensuality.....	<i>Spanish Jasmine.</i>
Separation.....	<i>Carolina Jasmine.</i>
Severity.....	<i>Branch of Thorns.</i>
Shame.....	<i>Peony.</i>
Sharpness	<i>Barberry Tree.</i>
Sickness.....	<i>Anemone (Zephyr Flower).</i>
Silliness.....	<i>Foot's Parsley.</i>
Simplicity	<i>American Sweetbrier.</i>
Sincerity	<i>Garden Chervil.</i>
Slighted love	<i>Yellow Chrysanthemum.</i>
Snare	<i>Catchfly. Dragon Plant.</i>
Solitude.....	<i>Heath.</i>
Sorrow.....	<i>Yew.</i>
Sourness of temper...	<i>Barberry.</i>
Spell.....	<i>Circe.</i>

Spleen	<i>Fumitory.</i>
Splendid beauty.....	<i>Amaryllis.</i>
Splendor	<i>Austurtium.</i>
Sporting.....	<i>Fox-tail Grass.</i>
Steadfast piety.....	<i>Wild Geranium.</i>
Stoicism	<i>Box Tree.</i>
Strength	<i>Cedar. Fennel.</i>
Stupidity.....	<i>Horseshoe-leaf Geranium.</i>
Submission.....	<i>Grass.</i>
Submission.....	<i>Harebell.</i>
Success everywhere...	<i>Nemophila.</i>
Success crown your wishes.....	<i>Coronella.</i>
Succor	<i>Juniper.</i>
Such worth is rare....	<i>Achimenes.</i>
Sunbeaming eyes.....	<i>Scarlet Lychnis.</i>
Surprise	<i>Truffle.</i>
Susceptibility	<i>Wax Plant.</i>
Suspicion	<i>Champignon.</i>
Sympathy	<i>Balm.</i>
Sympathy	<i>Thrift.</i>
Talent.....	<i>White Pink.</i>
Tardiness.....	<i>Flax-leaved Golden-locks.</i>
Taste	<i>Scarlet Fuschia.</i>
Tears.....	<i>Helenium.</i>
Temperance	<i>Azalea.</i>
Temptation.....	<i>Apple.</i>
Thankfulness	<i>Agrimony.</i>
The color of my fate...	<i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>
The heart's mystery...	<i>Crimson Polyanthus.</i>
The perfection of fe- male loveliness.....	<i>Justicia.</i>
The witching soul of music	<i>Oats</i>

- The variety of your
 conversation de-
 lights me..... *Clarkia*.
 There is no unalloyed
 good *Lapagena Rosea*.
 Thoughts..... *Pansy*.
 Thoughts of absent
 friends *Zinnia*.
 Thy frown will kill me. *Currant*.
 Thy smile I aspire to.. *Daily Rose*.
 Ties..... *Tendrils of Climbing
 Plants*.
 Timidity..... *Amaryllis*.
 Timidity..... *Marvel of Peru*.
 Time *White Poplar*.
 Tranquillity *Mudwort*.
 Tranquillity *Stonecrop*.
 Tranquillize my anx-
 iety *Christmas Rose*.
 Transient beauty..... *Night-blooming Cereus*.
 Transient impressions. *Withered White Rose*.
 Transport of joy..... *Cape Jasmine*.
 Treachery *Bilberry*.
 True love..... *Forget-me-not*.
 True friendship..... *Oak-leaved Geranium*.
 Truth *Bittersweet Nightshade*.
 Truth *White Chrysanthemum*.

 Unanimity *Phlox*.
 Unbelief..... *Judas Tree*.
 Unceasing remem-
 brance..... *American Cudweed*.
 Unchanging friend-
 ship..... *Arbor Vita*.
 Unconscious beauty... *Burgundy Rose*.

- Unexpected meeting.. *Lemon Geranium.*
 Unfortunate attachment..... *Mourning Bride.*
 Unfortunate love..... *Scabious.*
 Union..... *Whole Straw.*
 Unity..... *White and Red Rose together.*
 Unite against a common foe..... *Scarlet Verbena.*
 Unpatronized merit... *Red Primrose.*
 Uprightness..... *Imbricata.*
 Uselessness..... *Meadowsweet.*
 Utility..... *Grass.*

 Variety..... *China Aster.*
 Variety..... *Mundi Rose.*
 Vice..... *Darnel (Ray Grass).*
 Victory..... *Palm.*
 Virtue..... *Mint.*
 Virtue, domestic..... *Sage.*
 Volubility..... *Abeclary.*
 Voraciousness..... *Lupine.*
 Vulgar minds..... *African Marigold.*

 War..... *York and Lancaster Rose.*
 War..... *Achillea Millefolia.*
 Warlike trophy..... *Indian Cress.*
 Warmth of feeling.... *Peppermint.*
 Watchfulness..... *Dame Violet.*
 Weakness..... *Moschatel.*
 Weakness..... *Musk Plant.*
 Welcome, fair stranger. *Westeria.*
 Welcome to a stranger. *American Starwort.*
 Widowhood..... *Sweet Scabious.*

- Will you accompany
 me to the East?.....*Stephanotis.*
 Will you dance with
 me?.....*Viscaria Oculata.*
 Win me and wear me...*Lady's Slipper.*
 Winning grace.....*Cowslip.*
 Winter age.....*Guelder Rose.*
 Wisdom.....*Blue Salvia.*
 Wit.....*Meadow Lychnis.*
 Wit ill-timed.....*Wild Sorrel.*
 Witchcraft.....*Enchanter's Nightshade.*
 Worth beyond beauty...*Sweet Elysium.*
 Worth sustained by
 judicious and ten-
 der affection.....*Pink Convolvulus.*
 Worldliness, self-
 seeking.....*Olianthus.*
 Worthy of all praise...*Fennel.*
- You are cold.....*Hortensia.*
 You are my divinity...*American Cowslip.*
 You are perfect.....*Pine Apple.*
 You are radiant with
 charms.....*Ranunculus.*
 You are rich in at-
 traction.....*Garden Ranunculus.*
 You are the queen of
 coquettes.....*Queen's Rocket.*
 You are charming....*Leschenaultia Splendens.*
 You have no claims...*Pasque Flower.*
 You have many lovers.*Chorozema Varium.*
 You please all.....*Branch of Currants.*
 You are too bold.....*Diplademia Crassinoda.*
 You will be my death.*Hemlock.*

- Your charms are en-
graven on my heart. *Spindle Tree.*
- Your looks freeze me. *Ice Plant.*
- Your presence softens
my pain. *Milkvetch.*
- Your purity equals
your loveliness. *Orange Blossoms.*
- Your qualities, like
your charms, are
unequalled *Peach.*
- Your qualities surpass
your charms. *Mignonette.*
- Your temper is too
hasty. *Grammanthes Chloroflora.*
- Youthful innocence. . . *White Lilac.*
- Youthful love. *Red Catchfly.*
- Your whims are un-
bearable. *Monarda Amplexicaulis.*
- Zealousness *Elder.*
- Zest. *Lemon.*

MODIFICATIONS OF THE FLOWER
LANGUAGE.

If a flower be given *reversed*, its original signification is understood to be contradicted, and the opposite meaning to be implied.

A rosebud divested of its thorns, but retaining its leaves, conveys the sentiment, "I fear no longer; I hope;" thorns signifying tears, and leaves hopes.

Stripped of leaves and thorns, the bud signifies, "There is nothing to hope or fear."

The expression of flowers is also varied by changing their positions. Place a marigold on the head, and it signifies "Mental anguish;" on the bosom, "Indifference."

When a flower is given, the pronoun *I* is understood by bending it to the right hand; *thou*, by inclining it to the left.

"Yes" is implied by touching the flower given with the lips.

"No," by pinching off a petal, and casting it away.

"I am," is expressed by a laurel-leaf twisted round the bouquet.

"I have," by an ivy-leaf folded together.

"I offer you," by a leaf of the Virginian Creeper.

BOUQUETS AS EXAMPLES.

SPRING.

1.

May maternal love protect your early youth in
innocence and joy!

Flowers needed.

Moss.....	<i>Maternal Love.</i>
Bearded Crepis.....	<i>Protect.</i>
Primroses.....	<i>Early youth.</i>
Daisy.....	<i>Innocence.</i>
Wood Sorrel.....	<i>Joy.</i>

SUMMER.

2.

Your humility and amiability have won my
love.

Flowers needed.

Broom.....	<i>Humility.</i>
White Jasmine.....	<i>Amiability.</i>
Myrtle.....	<i>Love.</i>

3.

Let the bonds of marriage unite us.

Flowers needed.

Blue Convolvulus.....	<i>Bonds.</i>
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Ivy.....*Marriage.*
A few whole straws...*Unite us.*

4.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell! give me your good wishes. Forget me not.

Flowers needed.

Sprig of Spruce Fir...*Farewell.*
Sweet Basil.....*Give me your good wishes.*
Forget-Me-Not.....*Forget me not.*

5.

Your patriotism, courage, and fidelity merit everlasting remembrance.

Flowers needed.

Nasturtium.....*Patriotism.*
Oak Leaves.....*Courage.*
Heliotrope.....*Fidelity.*
Everlasting, or Im-
mortelles.....*Everlasting remembrance.*

6.

A Red Rose.....*I love you.*

7.

AN IMPERTINENCE.

Your insincerity and avarice make me hate you.

Flowers needed.

Cherry Blossom, or
Foxglove.....*Insincerity.*

Scarlet Auricula.....*Avarice.*
 Turk's Cap.....*Hatred.*

8.

A WARNING.

Beware of deceit. Danger is near. Depart.

Flowers needed.

Oleander.....*Beware.*
 White Flytrap.....*Deceit.*
 Rhododendron.....*Danger is near.*
 Sweet Pea.....*Depart.*

9.

A REBUKE.

Your frivolity and malevolence will cause you
 to be forsaken by all.

Flowers needed.

London Pride.....*Frivolity.*
 Lobelia.....*Malevolence.*
 Laburnum.....*Forsaken.*

AUTUMNAL.

10.

Be assured of my sympathy. May you find
 consolation!

Flowers needed.

Thrift.....*Be assured of my sym-
 pathy.*
 Red Poppy.....*Consolation.*

I
A

WINTER.

11.

By foresight you will surmount your difficulties.

Flowers needed.

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Holly.....*Foresight.*

S

Mistletoe.....*You will surmount your difficulties.*

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